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Pro-Slavery.

From Frederick Douglass's Paper.

REPLY TO ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

"Tickle the bull-calf till he roar."
"Toppy that h—o—r—s—e!"

Brother Johnson's *nine* counts are diminished to *six*, with the usual preamble, and an unusual "*sifflication*." I thank him for copying my first two, and beg that he will print this article in full, in the *Standard*.

In backing down from my assaults on himself, he dies hard, and struggles viciously; his friends might do something to ease him. It is strange that I cannot find a white man willing to go in for a rough and tumble fight—on paper. Some years ago, I solicited Dr. Dewey to such a "mix"—and he declined. Afterwards, when the *Tribune* was so malignant upon the free blacks (and while Oliver Johnson was assistant editor thereof), I very politely called out Horace Greeley, but he declined also; and now, when Oliver aforesaid had fairly accepted battle, he fights two rounds, and "throws himself back on his dignity," as friend Brister would say.

Cannot follow Mr. Johnson into his long anti-slavery career, for I am very ignorant of most of it; this, however, is sure: he might travel anywhere down South without threat of tar and feathers; he might be hung, indeed, but not for his Abolitionism; his "crown" is safe—in his pocket.

These "assaults" have done good, nevertheless; half tickets have been sold in numbers, though he is too surly to admit that they have been sold *since*, and in consequence of, the first assault. The columns of the *Standard*, also, for a fortnight back, take quite a fresh interest in *coloured* people. A letter, some two years old, is published, advising them to go to Canada; and there is quite a crop of items about "intelligent negroes," &c., &c. Go on, gentlemen, you will *improve*—there is room. Now, a word about the new counts.

1. About Mr. Gay's salary. In the daily New York *Tribune*, of May 11th, 1854, p. 5, column 5, it is stated that, at the Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, "Messrs. Phillips and McKim spoke in favour of improving the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, by spending more money on its editorial department; it was thought that $2,000 a year would be sufficient." Now, Oliver, how is that $2,000 divided? Be frank, speak out; does the senior editor get the smallest half? Can't otherwise count him "much short" of $1,200. You are quite right, I did not give one cent of it; but my dark face is one of the *grievances* on which all the pennies are collected; so you *are* my debtor, after all—no blacks, no coppers; for, as Charles L. Remond said (see New York *Herald*, May 11th, 1854), "if all the blacks were to turn white, there would be a mighty effort (on the part of the host?) to free them." The droll wag! So, you see, friend, you are running my face for a living—excuse me for looking after it.

2. Why will you fib so about the half ticket, Oliver? you know I never bought one from you, and I have attended but one lecture (Wendell Phillips's) without a ticket! I fascinated your door-keeper with the blandest of smiles.

3. You bungle so about the amounts paid the lecturers, that I cannot, in candour, contradict the *whisper;* out with the documents, "without concealment—without compromise." If you don't, malicious people will say, "Toppy dat horse."

4. When did you give away so many tickets? Was it before or since the "assault"? Was it out of pure desire to spread anti-slavery? or, was it to fill up the empty benches which your high prices had inflicted on you?

5. You have not yet named a single black man on your platform, Mr. Assistant Editor; Brown, Remond and Purvis are all *yellow* men. Sam. R. Ward, the noble fellow, did fling himself into the breach, and, along with Frederick Douglass, save the "host" from the mob at the Tabernacle, in 1850—and how have you requited him, or them? Why do your folks thus "cotton to" half-white men? Eh? Would you like to know? In your own words? Here it is. At the meeting on the 10th, says the *Herald* of the 11th May,

> "Mr. Wright (noble Henry C.) said, I hope all editors and others will never say anything about slaves nearly white being sold, in order to enhance the guilt of the act.
>
> "Mr. Johnson (you Olly). It is done with a good motive (such as a certain warm place is paved with, Eh?) because we can more easily reach the hearts of the white people."

Did you mean *pockets* of the white people?

> "Mr. Wright. I never would consent to espouse so damnable an error—"

6. Whenever "honourable minded coloured men" shall declare that Old Organization has paid them, as agents, full as well as white agents were paid, I will gladly retract the charge; bring out their evidence; you know them; suppose you begin with Mr. Charles L. Remond.

And now, Mr. Oliver Johnson, you have so frequently repeated the statement that "Dr. Smith tells falsehoods," or "invents falsehoods," that you not only begin to believe it yourself, but believe it to that extent that, if he should, haply, quote a passage of Scripture, you would, doubtless, exclaim, like the half-sobered Democrat in church, "that's a cussed Smith lie!" An analysis of one of these charges of falsehood made by you may answer for the character of the rest.

Shut eyes, Olly, and open mouth—wide—wide—there. You say above, "The statement that Mr. Garrison insulted the manhood of Mr. Purvis, and that Mr. Furness outraged his feelings, is both false and ridiculous." Look at the *Anti-Slavery Standard* of May 20, 1854; it states that, at the Annual Meeting, May 10th, "Mr. Garrison said, I have the pleasure of next introducing to the audience one of the proscribed class in our country . . a coloured man . . . I introduce to you Robert Purvis, of Byberry, Pa."

MR. PURVIS'S SPEECH.

> "Mr. President, the remarks you have employed in introducing me to this audience excite a feeling in my mind scarcely ever dormant in the terrible ordeal through which we are passing every moment of our existence, in the present state of things which victimizes us by a cruel and relentless prejudice. This, sir, is hard to bear: for, with due deference to modesty, we live in consciousness of our manhood and honesty."

What does he mean? Hear him next day:

> "AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY—SECOND DAY—MORNING SESSION.
>
> "Mr. Purvis would ask the indulgence of the audience to say something concerning a remark of Mr. Furness at the meeting the previous day They were correctly reported, as he thought, as follows:
>
> "Mr. Furness said that as Mr. Purvis was a fellow-citizen of his, he would say that he had a reputation for a man of wealth; at all events, he was rich enough to have purchased an alliance with white complexion, but he chose, to his great credit, to such identify himself with the coloured race."—*From the N. Y. Daily Tribune, May 12*, 1854.
>
> "Now, said Mr. Purvis, I do not think anything of the sort should be said. He was proud of his blood—of the fact that he had 25 per cent. of negro blood in his veins; he hoped nothing of the sort would be said again."—*Herald, May* 12, 1854.
>
> "He regretted also the remark of Mr. Garrison, in introducing him. It entirely disconcerted him . . . he hoped that thenceforth no mention would be made of colour."—*Tribune, May* 12, 1854.

There, Oliver, you have swallowed Mr. Purvis whole; the head went down easily enough; but the heels! how they stuck; all the 25 per cent. is there; he is nicely down, and will digest well; should he struggle, just pat your epigastrium and say, as Mr. Garrison did, "Well done, good and faithful *servant!*"

But you have swallowed more than "*that fellow*" Purvis; you have also gulped as condiment that "short, emphatic monosyllable," which Black Dan crammed down Mr. Ingersol's throat.

Don't go into spasms, Olly dear, because I copy these statements from the *Tribune* and *Herald.* I should have been happy to copy the *Standard's*, but all that paper says is, "Mr. Purvis's allusions to colour called out one or two more speakers, and the subject, thus incidentally brought up, elicited quite an interesting discussion." *Order reigned in Warsaw.* The *Standard* had plenty of room for three columns of a speech from Wendell Phillips—white man; plenty of room for 8th of a column of a speech by Andrew Jackson Davis—raw recruit, white man; but the *Standard* had only two lines for the "plaint" of "*faithful servant*" Purvis—yellow man; *was there room for a* BLACK *man on that platform?* I had to go to the *Tribune* and *Herald* for anti-slavery information, which the Organ of the Old Organization *concealed*.

"Without Concealment—without Compromise," with a vengeance! No wonder you have since pulled down that flag from the mast-head, and hid it, in small capitals, over the editorial column—which no one looks at; that motto will grow smaller and smaller, and, finally, fade away from the columns of the "organ," as the word "Liberty" has gradually changed place and finally disappeared from certain American coin; betokening, in both instances, with singular, but unintended, truthfulness, the—aes stuprum—base money.

Was there no treachery here in this concealment of the doings of the Annual Meeting? There certainly was, Messieurs Editors; you betrayed the trust reposed in you by the distant members of the Society, and subscribers to the *Standard*, for a full and true report of all the proceedings; the treachery was the baser, because you concealed the charge made by the only representative of the slave present, that he had been treated as a slave then and there. I wonder, Oliver, that your principal (not you) dare touch a penny of that month's salary.

Who planned this treachery of omission or concealment? Did the anti-slavery host do it at that secret meeting held in the afternoon? Whoever planned it—while the sun was in the Heavens, or the *Tribune* and *Herald* Reporters—you carried it out, Oliver. You are a pretty man to accuse Frederick Douglass of treachery, ain't you?

If the American Anti-Slavery Society be, as its motto denotes, *Without concealment—without compromise*, then it can have no secrets which can be betrayed; but if the American Anti-Slavery Society has secrets, or concealments, then it is become false to its own motto or principles, it is *concealment* only, not utterance, or exposure, which can constitute treachery to the Society; hence, when you hurl the charge of traitor against Frederick Douglass, in regard to the Society, you either charge him with what is impossible or else proclaim the false-heartedness of your own Organization. And if Frederick Douglass, or any other man, found secrets or concealments creeping into the host, he was bound, by the principles thereof, to "come out," and expose them, WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

You seem, Mr. Oliver Johnson, at a loss for the reason of my "mendacious assaults." Let me tell you. With you, slavery is a matter of intellectual contemplation; with me, it is positive endurance; the iron enters into my soul, and the chains clank on my limbs daily, hourly. I undergo depths of oppression which the slave on the cotton field never dreams of, of which you can form no conception—"the terrible ordeal through which we free coloured men and women are passing every moment of our existence"—an ordeal twisting a real human heart from trustfulness in anything human—an ordeal perilling a human soul from the chances of redemption (for how can I believe in the midst of such unbelief?). Under this oppression, however differing from your Organization in principles of action (and, in my humble way, I have not remained idle), I have have watched with secret joy its banner floating away in advance of that Public Opinion which is beckoned and lighted towards *Freedom*. Here was my hope.

I went on your platform (in 1842 or 4), and plead that you should interest your agents in matters concerning the free coloured people of Massachusetts and elsewhere: I was rebuffed; still I hoped in you, distrusting my own judgment. But when, at length, I saw wavering in your ranks, and the lowering of your Standard; when I saw the stern bands of reformers hardening into an Institution, with secrets; when I saw some of you passing from works to rewards; when I saw coloured men, faithful to you through all, from the beginning, boldly charge you with prejudice against colour; when, in all your host, Henry C. Wright alone gave clear testimony against this "damnable error"; and when I saw the conducting of the "organ," the ministering weekly before the altar of Freedom, entrusted to two false priests, the one attracted thereto by the "oats," or plunder, and the other therefrom by the culture of mammoth radishes—then I lost all faith in the new-born Institution, and said so, in accordance with principles which you have abandoned, but which I still hold dear—"*without concealment—without compromise.*"

COMMUNIPAW.

New York, Jan. 13, 1854.

Selections.

OUR SOUTHERN BRETHREN IN TROUBLE.

The Lynchburg *Republican* (there are many *Lynch*-burgs in the South, but *this* one is in Virginia) is making a terrible outcry because Gov. Gardner has disbanded the Irish companies. It says:

> "They (i. e., the Know-Nothings) have, in the person of Gov. Gardner and the Legislature of Massachusetts, perpetrated an act of tyranny which no other party ever dared or dreamed of daring to do. They have disbanded not less than seven military companies for no other reason on earth save and except that they were composed of foreigners. Nor will the tyranny stop here. Every other military company composed of foreigners will be disbanded; until at length there will not be in the godly and puritanic State of Massachusetts one single man bearing arms who is not a genuine, live, abolition, chowder-eating, wooden-nutmeg-selling Yankee Know-Nothing."

Having proceeded thus far, our Lynchburg friend pauses to consider the *reason* for this act; and here he is less successful than in his statement of the fact itself. Here, says he,

> "Here is the Yankee justice, and Yankee propriety which justifies this atrocious act; and this is the reason thereof. The foreign citizens are faithful to the laws of the Union; they are pledged by the oath of naturalization to obey and enforce the Fugitive Slave law. They have done so heretofore, and will do so again. They will shoulder their muskets in the streets of Boston and rescue as many Anthony Burnses as the pious Theodore Parker and the frantic Wendell Phillips may choose to seduce. This the Yankees well know, and this they wish to prevent by depriving them of the use of arms. Is it not all plain?"

With the eulogy which the *Republican* passes upon the foreign companies we have no fault to find. It is eminently just. The detestable Fugitive Slave act has had no more hearty supporters than the Irish Companies of Boston which the Governor has just disbanded. But it is not they alone who are worthy of this praise. The Independent Cadets stood "shoulder to shoulder" with the Sarsfield Guards, and the Boston Light Infantry rallied to the call of "duty" as cheerfully as the Columbian Artillery. No invidious comparisons should be drawn between Yankee and Irish in this good work of "rescuing" slaves from liberty. We rather like this phrase, "rescuing," in the way the Lynchburg paper uses it. We suppose the editor sighs from the profoundest depths of his sensibility when he thinks of the horrid fate from which poor Burns was "rescued" by the self-sacrificing efforts of the military companies. He was within an inch of being forever lost to kind and benignant slavery and hurried into perpetual freedom, when the Providential interposition took place, and, like a brand plucked from the burning, the lucky fellow was transported (in two senses) back to the sunny plantations of the South. This is a new view of the subject, and quite a refreshing one, indeed. We shall pretty soon hear of a rattle-snake "rescuing" a little boy from the "fangs" of his father, or of a mad dog benignantly interposing to save a little girl from being sent to school in a new dress and pinafore. Southern newspapers make queer work with all preconceived notions.

We call upon the Lynchburg editor to do justice to our "chowder-eating and wooden-nutmeg-selling Yankees," and to the motives which led to the disbanding of the Irish companies. In all probability, we have native soldiers enough to rescue all the unfortunate and misguided creatures who may flee from the "beneficent whip" for several years to come. Slavery is in no danger while there are office-holding sycophants to a depraved government, devotees of slaveholding trade, hysterical old women (male and female) who believe the Union is in danger whenever a fugitive crosses Mason and Dixon's line, or time-serving priests (we are sorry to say it) and presses such as we have now in this good city of Boston.

If the slaveholders find so much fault with Gov. Gardner, what will they say in case their wishes as to the Senatorship are not attended to? We fear that we are irretrievably ruined in the good opinion of Virginia already, and that the election of even an anti-Abolitionist cannot restore us to her good graces.—*Boston Telegraph.*

THE UNITED STATES AND ST. DOMINGO.

WHAT THEY SAY IN ENGLAND OF THE CAZNEAU DISCOMFITURE.

From the London News, January 9.

On the 28th of Dec., 1801, a single watchman sat on the steep promontory of Samana, on the east coast of St. Domingo, counting the ships of war which came to invade the island. The First Consul had already decreed the reëstablishment of slavery; and he now sent fifty-four ships of war to reconquer the French part of the island, and reduce the coloured population to bondage. Last month, after a lapse of fifty-three years, was again a critical December at Samana. For some time past it has been known to all who were aware of the importance of the fact, and who therefore attended properly to it, that the slaveholding party in the United States were resolved to get possession of St. Domingo, as well as Cuba; and that the remnant of President Pierce's term of office would be diligently employed in preparation for such anexation.

The American slaveholders cannot be ignorant, as too many Europeans are, of the real cause of the horrors of the St. Domingo war, which they choose to treat as a consequence of negro emancipation. They cannot but know that the war was one of race—between the whites and the mulattoes—and that the slaves were released only when they were wanted as a reënforcement in the struggle. That release gave the world the services and the example of Toussaint L'Ouverture—a man, a leader and a ruler—whom the fillibustering Americans would find it hard to match from among their agitators. He was the solitary watchman on the Samana heights on that December morning, fifty-three years ago. His place is not vacant, it seems. There are eyes wide awake at Samana, and ears open to tidings from the friends and foes of social and political freedom everywhere.

On the 5th of last month, the treaty proposed by the United States—the first step towards annexation—was rejected by the Dominican Congress, without a dissentient vote. And why? What is the foremost reason alleged for the rejection? It was the case of Manuel Pereira, the seaman in the British service, whose imprisonment at Charleston, on account of his colour, was brought before Parliament by Mr. Moncton Milnes, kept in view by the *Daily News*, and made the subject of negotiation and legal proceedings between the British and American governments, and in the courts of the United States. The St. Domingo legislators have kept their eye upon that case, and have read the American treaty by its light; and, finding that the third clause denied equal rights to them in the Southern States of the Union, they, without hesitation, refused their sanction to it. They know the consequences. They have been watchful enough to see that the slaveholding power in the United States, though numerically weak, has in fact determined the whole policy and action of the country, from the time when the institution of slavery was first practically brought into question, rather more than twenty years ago. They have taken warning by the annexation of Texas—as high-handed a theft as the Czar or his predecessors ever perpetrated. They understand, no doubt, the true history of the Seminole war, and of the Mexican war—no less than of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and its consequences—now becoming too burdensome for the great republic to endure. They have watched the Cuba business throughout, and, no doubt, have their own opinion of Lord John Russell's slashing letter, and Mr. Everett's suicidal reply. They know all about Manuel Pereira, we find, and the care taken of his person by his Charleston jailors, and of his rights by British statesmen.

They also know that their tempting promontory and bay of Samana will bring upon them such expeditions as Cuba has been visited and threatened with; and, indeed, the American plenipotentiary on the spot has made no secret of the risk. He has thrown out hints that Greytown is not the only place that the Americans can lay in ashes, and that the city of St. Domingo is within their range. His countrymen immediately picked a quarrel in the roadstead of St. Domingo, which speedily brought to the spot two British steam-sloops, and a French frigate and two war brigs. It is in Samana, however, that the Americans desire to effect a lodgment, and thence will a look-out be still kept for the approach of invaders. These wide-awake Dominicans are, probably, aware, also, that the invasion of their coasts will be partly determined, as to time and manner, by the course of the war in the Crimea. We have had occasion to show, more than once since the war began, how the policy of the United States is affected by the politics of Europe, through the regular practice of the Czars of Russia to stir up a pro-slavery agitation in America whenever liberal movements are impending in Europe. The Fugitive Slave law and the Nebraska bill—which may thus be regarded as the fruits of the European revolutions of 1848 and 1849—are found to be too bad, though both are extolled by one of the Czar's favoured guests, Dr. Cottman, and one—the Nebraska bill—was actually procured by another St. Petersburg courtier, Senator Douglas. The more intolerable these measures are found, the more necessary is it to have fresh ones of the same tendency.

We witness, accordingly, the persevering declaration of the President that Cuba shall be obtained; the recent attempt on the Dominican Congress, and the organization of a new slave Territory, extending over 43,000,000 of acres, between the southern boundary of Kansas and the Red river. The bill for constituting this new Territory of Neosho was quietly brought in, just before the rising of Congress. It is a plot of the slaveholding interest, as much as the carrying on of the slave trade from the port of New York, which has recently been ascertained to be greater than from any other port in all those seas. The Southern legislators and citizens tamper with philosophy and emasculate literature to prevent their wives and children knowing what is thought of slavery in the foremost countries of the world. There the lady who takes up Cowper to read while she rests from the heat, finds no trace in her copy of the passage, "Heaven speed the canvass gallantly unfurled," nor of a good many others which women elsewhere are wont to enjoy. Her son at college is obliged to take his moral and political philosophy all sliced and hashed, there being no edition of any European work on those subjects fit for his study, in a complete form. The little child, too young for church, but beginning to keep Sunday by learning Mrs. Barbauld's hymns, of world-wide fame, finds one shorter than the rest. It is so from the cutting out of that apostrophe so affecting to English children: "Negro woman, who sittest pining in captivity." All this is, in fact, the central idea of every device for preserving the "peculiar domestic institution" of the Southern States from molestation, from what the planters are pleased to call "the narrowness of foreign opinion" on that subject.

We repeat here the declaration we always make to prevent mistakes when treating of American affairs, that we are speaking of the Southern States and not of the whole Union. But we must also add our usual question—how long does the entire nation mean to allow the slaveholding interest to represent its domestic policy and its foreign relations? Of the millions of heads of families in the United States, only 347,525 are slaveholders; and yet the slaveholders have been the guides and masters of American politics from the time that the nation entered on the retrograde path of foreign conquest and annexation. President Pierce conjures us all to believe that his nation has no ambition, and explains that all its annexations have happened merely through manifest destiny. This destiny is becoming so extremely manifest now, that, even in the crisis of our war in the Crimea, the French and we are carefully placing our war ships in the roadstead of St. Domingo; and we shall not relax our watch over Cuba, or any other land which lies within the boundary of "destiny."

Meantime, there are features of American destiny which it would be well for all the genuine republicans to attend to before it is too late. The destiny of all tools of the Russian Czar is the same; they become slaves politically and morally. While there is negro slavery in the United States, the Czar has a handle by which he can guide the political machine which is betrayed into his hands by the snobs and the men-owners of the republic. And who cannot see that the time must come when it will suit his convenience that there shall be no democratic republic on the shores opposite his own eastern boundary? If he can now embroil the Republic, it is time to be taking heed that he does not break it up, when the convenient moment comes. The great American Union has received a rebuff from the little Dominican State. All true lovers of freedom must hope that it will serve as an admonition to the sound part of the nation to take the management of their affairs into their own hands.

WHERE NOW?—WHAT NEXT?

The conviction of S. M. Booth, of Milwaukee, upon a charge of aiding the escape of the fugitive Glover, is as [illegible] of Rush Sloan, in our own State. We wish every citizen would read the trial of both in full. It would be *felt*, then, by one and all, if alive to *personal* rights, that this is no "Abolition" issue, but a question touching the freedom of the citizens.

What are the facts in all these cases, wherever occurring?

Rush Sloane gave advice as a lawyer—the arrested parties in Boston made speeches in Faneuil Hall—S. M Booth published what he thought in his paper—and, instantly, the Federal Government, through its officials, began to harrass the parties by indictments, or to force on civil suits through the slave-hunters. The United States Marshals are the great busy-bodies, backed up, generally, by the United States District Judges and Attorneys. In Massachusetts, they have so far failed to convict, but in Ohio and Wisconsin they have triumphed, and trodden under foot every essential right guaranteed by the Constitution and the Law to the professional man, the editor, and the citizen.

Judge Miller, United States District Judge of Wisconsin, all our accounts say, played the part of a partisan, pettifogging the case throughout, and claiming the right of the Court to decide in all matters of law. More than that. He charged the Jury that Booth was guilty; "in my opinion," said he, "a clearer case of resisting and obstructing process never was made out." Yet, upon the evidence offered, no man could be convicted of larceny or any other crime!

There must be men of mind and hearts great enough to look this judicial tyranny in the face, in all parties, and honest and courageous enough to expose it. It cannot be that the people will allow it to pass unheeded or that they shall fail in finding mouth-pieces to speak out their will. For it is madness, a wicked and arrant folly, to pretend that this is a "negro matter"—that it belongs to this or that party; it is an *American* question, and needs to be met to reëstablish *American liberty*. What! if a slave case occurs in Cleveland, and Lawyer Backus is asked for professional advice by the fugitives, and gives it, shall the United States District Court declare him guilty of aiding the escape of these fugitives, and compel him to pay their value in money to their master? What! if the *Leader* denounces the tyranny of the law, and calls on the people to denounce it, shall we be held responsible for aiding and assisting an escape or for obstructing and resisting it, and therefore be compelled to "fork over" the price of the escaped negroes? What! if, at a meeting in the Court-House, Divines and Lawyers, Mechanics and Merchants, stung by the atrocious injustice of the Fugitive Act, speak out, and the poor runaways on trial happen to get away, are they to be indicted and tried as felons? YET THESE ARE THE CASES WHICH HAVE OCCURRED IN BOSTON, SANDUSKY AND MILWAUKEE; and in two of these, the defendants have been found guilty, by the atrocious conduct of the District Judges, and the officials of the Court.*

Is it not time to rouse up, and help rouse the country and Congress at this monstrous despotism? Is it not vital to our very liberties to grapple with it, and crush it? Let the wise and good of all parties answer.—*Cleveland Weekly Leader.*

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*N. B.—A citizen just from Milwaukee, heretofore adverse to Free Soilism, and now disliking Abolitionism, sends us this note: 'United States vs. Booth, in the Glover Rescue Case. Jury gave a verdict of 'guilty,' under the 'Fugitive Act, and 'not guilty' of resisting United States process, after being out six hours. There are affidavits already in defendant's possession showing that one of the jurymen had said, 'I wish I could get on the Jury, to convict Booth; damn him. If I had him in a nine-pounder, I would shoot him to hell; damn him.' Two other Jurors said before they went into the box—'Booth is guilty.' The Marshal knew his men. Booth will move for a new trial."

From the Mount Veron (Ohio) Republican.

FREEDOM OF THE NORTH.

Parker and Philips denounced the tyrants in Faneuil Hall, and they are indicted therefor. Booth fearlessly expressed his opinion of slave-catching, in his journal, and he is not only indicted, but convicted of a crime in the United States Court. Rush R. Sdane, of our own State, advised his clients, in a certain case, that he could not ascertain that they were held by any legal process, and that, therfore, they were at liberty to go whithersoever they pleased, and he was mulcted in the very handsome sum of $3,950.

When freemen dare not give utterance to free thoughts in old Faneil Hall—when the press is fettered—when the attorney dare not advise his clients—where is freedom in the North? The case of Mr. Sloane is thus detailed by himself.

Sandusky, Ohio, Dec. 4, 1854.

Wm. Goodell: In the Autumn of 1852, several gentlemen of colour were about leaving this place, on board a steamboat, when they were forcibly prevented from so doing, and driven back on shore, by some Kentuckians. A crowd gathered around, and for a time it seemed that blood must be shed. This, however, was averted by a proposition to the effect that the negroes should go before the Mayor of the city, and there the claimants should prove their ownership to the blacks. The blacks and the crowd proceeded to the Mayor's office, and, after they were there assembled, the friends of the negroes came to my law-office, and solicited my professional service in their defence. This, let it be noted, was my first knowledge of, or participation in, the affair. I was not at the wharf, and only in my capacity as lawyer participated in the proceedings.

On entering the Mayor's office I found a crowd assembled, and in one corner of the room the blacks and their claimants. I waited some time for steps to be taken by the claimants; but as nothing was said or attempted by them, and as the Mayor did not and could not act in the premises, I demanded by what authority the blacks were detained. No reply. I then demanded to know if they were in the custody of any officer of the United States? No reply. I then demanded to be shown the papers by which they were detained; and there was no reply to this. I then spoke to the parties who had employed me: "Coloured citizens, I see no authority to detain your friends." At this remark some one near the door cried out, "Hustle them out," and immediately the crowd and negroes were out of the building, and no doubt the blacks were soon over "Jordan."

For these remarks, one of the claimants, as the negroes left the room, came up to me and said, I own these slaves. They are my property. Here are the papers, and I shall hold you individually responsible for their escape. These were the first and only words they addressed to me, and these not until the negroes were out of the building.

And the above constitutes the grounds of the prosecution against me, embracing the entire facts of the case, as proved conclusively by thirteen as good witnesses as this city affords, and opposed only by the testimony of two negro-catchers; for the men in Sandusky at the time above alluded to were nothing else—men who swore that at the time they were in Sandusky they had twenty-five powers of attorney to capture slaves; and their testimony was in toto false. They did not swear to a fact as sworn to by the other thirteen witnesses. The question was asked each juryman if he had any conscientious scruples against the Fugitive Slave law; if he had any objections to bringing in a verdict under that law? and after empanneling twelve such men, the cases were tried? One case, from the legal informality of the power of attorney, did not go to the jury under charge of the Court. The other case was decided for the plaintiff, or rather the Jury found me guilty.

Under the law, the penalty is $1,000 for each slave, and in this case there were three slaves, and the judgment against me is $3,000 and costs—amounting in all to about $3,950; and that I must pay, and for what? Simply doing my duty. Is it not, indeed, alarming when the laws of one's country fix a penalty on all those who try to do their duty? The same proof in my case sentences me to six months' incarceration within the walls of a prison!

And what is my offence? Only acting in the ordinary duties of my profession. A criminal, dyed in the blood of human beings, is entitled to counsel, but the oppressed of this country, whose skin, forsooth, is darker than mine, is not entitled to counsel. Oh! when will our people awake to a realizing sense of the bondage in which the whole North are now fettered, worse than the "Stamp Act," or even Austrian supremacy? The peculiar burthen will fall upon me. It can be collected by execution from the sale of my real estate. But whether I bear the load alone or not, I am ready now to act in any capacity in aid of suffering humanity; and, for one, I say—though it causes a confiscation of my all—I will never, no, never, look back, but press onward till liberty and equality shall be as universal as the sun. I am truly yours, Rush R. Sloane.

From The (London) Empire.

MISREPRESENTATION CORRECTED.

ANTI-SLAVERY ADVOCATE for January, 1855.

The present number of this periodical contains a copious report of the proceedings of the Anti-Slavery Conference lately held in London, and briefly sketched in the columns of this journal. Some parts of the *Advocate's* report are taken from our own; including a notice of a speech made by Mr. George Thompson. *Our* reporter says, "Mr. Thompson paid a glowing tribute of respect to the American Anti-Slavery Society." In copying these words, the *Advocate* adds in a foot-note, "*No other report of the Conference, amongst many which have reached us, makes any mention of the speech of Mr. Thompson thus succinctly reported; nor of any other allusion by him to the American Anti-Slavery Society.*"

We have perused this note with the utmost surprise and astonishment—we will not say with what other feelings. It contains, in the form of an insinuation, a charge against the reporter of the sketch given in this paper of having fabricated an account of a speech never made; and it also contains, in that same unworthy form, a denial that Mr. Thompson ever, during the sittings of the Conference, alluded, either in terms of eulogy or otherwise, to the American Anti-Slavery Society. Since we saw this note, we have obtained from the printer of a report, which is being prepared by the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, a copy of Mr. Thompson's speech, furnished, not like our own notes, by an unprofessional hand, but by an accomplished short-hand writer, who recorded what Mr. Thompson said *verbatim*. That speech we give below, and challenge the *Advocate* to dispute its accuracy. Our columns are open to his denial, if he is able to offer and support one. If he is not, we leave it to his own mind to suggest the course he should pursue.

MR. THOMPSON'S SPEECH AT THE LONDON ANTI-SLAVERY CONFERENCE.

Mr. George Thompson: Sir, previous to the amendment to the resolution before the Conference being withdrawn, permit me to say a few words in reference to it. If there be an individual in this room who more than all others would be gratified by the special mention in commendatory terms of the American Anti-slavery Society, I am that individual. For more than twenty years I have been intimately connected, in affection and labours, with that society. In 1834, I had the honour to be enrolled on the list of its earliest agents, and went forth with its credentials in my hand to spread its principles amongst the American community. I think I can say, with truth, that I have been faithful to that body, in evil and in good report, from that time to this, and I intend to be faithful to it whatever be the sacrifice which my fidelity may cost me. I assert that which I believe no gentleman here will venture to deny, or desires to contradict when I say that the American Society, above all other anti-slavery organizations, has been true to the cause of the slave, and steadfast to the principles on which it was originally established, and that it is at this moment preëminently the body in the United States which promulgates pure, simple, and uncompromising anti-slavery truth, unadulterated by sectarian prejudices and party political predilections. Whatever, therefore, others may say or do, I am, and shall remain, unshaken in my attachment. The amendment proposed by Mr. Bishop is one which I should rejoice to see cordially and unanimously adopted by the Conference. I firmly believe that the American Anti-Slavery Society merits the special notice which that amendment would give it, and I believe, further, that such a notice of it, it would be wise as well as just to take, with a view to the healing of past differences, and to show the desire of those who convened the Conference to be henceforth on terms of friendly coöperation. But while my own impressions remain unchanged, I am bound to say I have had reasons given me for a different course, which lead me to think that I shall best promote the cause of the slave by abstaining from pressing, at this particular moment, the amendment which has been proposed. I take it for granted that there are few persons present who are ignorant of the fact that the American Society has many warm-hearted, devoted, and sympathizing friends in this country (hear, hear). Should any doubt it, let me assure them that my knowledge and experience enable me to say there are many such (hear). The delegate from Edinburgh, lately the Lord Provost of that city, represents a Society which has worked harmoniously with the American Society ever since I had the honour to be connected with the Scottish metropolis, and to assist at its formation. It is within my personal knowledge that the most valuable and laborious members of the Edinburgh Society are the warm friends and supporters of the American Society. On this occasion I have the honour to hold two appointments. The first is from the Anti-Slavery Conference, lately held in Manchester. At the very same meeting at which I was appointed, a resolution, of which I was the author,* was unanimously passed, recognising the claims of the Society upon the confidence and support of the Abolitionists of Great Britain for its inflexible fidelity, incorruptible integrity, and single-minded purpose. I am, besides, a delegate from the Glasgow Emancipation Society, which for twenty years has supported the American Anti-Slavery Society, and continues to repose in it the most entire confidence. My instructions from that Society are to maintain the perfect catholicity of the anti-slavery platform, and to urge the necessity and duty of accepting the aid of all who sincerely embrace our fundamental principles, without respect of colour, caste, creed, country or sex. I might mention many other Societies scattered over the kingdom—Societies distinguished for their zealous efforts in the cause of the slave, which are founded upon the same unsectarian and liberal principles, and all of which regard the American Anti-Slavery Society as worthy of support, sympathy and commendation. I have spoken of differences which in times past have estranged many of the Abolitionists of this country from the American Anti-Slavery Society. I do not wish to enter upon the nature or the causes of those differences further than to say, that whatever may have been their origin, the worst enemy of the American Society cannot say they have been occasioned by any defection from anti-slavery principle or fidelity to the slave on the part of Mr. Garrison and his noble coadjutors. Well, it appears that there is now a desire that these differences should be forgotten, and that there should be united action for the future, and it is thought that this object will be more likely to be gained by waiving the point urged by Mr. Bishop than by insisting on it. Believing in the sincerity of those who counsel this course, I am willing to follow their advice; but if I do so, let me say it is with the full understanding that henceforth no man's or woman's coöperation is to be accepted or rejected by a reference to his or her peculiar religious or non-religious, political or non-political views. I think there is a rule which we may all safely follow when in doubt respecting the propriety of coöperating with this or that particular person, namely, to put ourselves in the place of the slave, and ask, "would I, if a slave, accept the aid of such an one to obtain my deliverance?" and if the slave would not only accept the aid of such a person, but honour and bless him for it, then may we safely unite with him in furthering the common object. With the understanding that the American Anti-Slavery Society will henceforth receive at the hands of the British and Foreign Society the same meed of approbation which the slaves it is labouring to redeem would bestow upon it; and will be judged, not according to the views, when off the anti-slavery platform, of some of its members, but according to its principles and conduct as an anti-slavery body, I shall consent to the withdrawal of the amendment, and shall indulge the hope of seeing the day when the right hand of fellowship will be cordially given, without respect of persons, to all who love the cause of negro freedom and are labouring to establish it throughout the world.

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*Whereas, the American Anti-Slavery Society, which, since its establishment in 1833, has pursued, with inflexible fidelity, incorruptible integrity, and single-minded purpose, the great object of its formation—the immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery—which has proved by its deeds that its reliance for success is wholly in God and the omnipotence of its truth, and have been wrought in the face of principalities and powers, of afflictions, necessities, distresses, imprisonment, stripes, tumults, perils in the city, and perils amongst false brethren—against a thoroughly corrupt and overwhelming public sentiment, and in behalf of millions who are peeled, meted out, and trodden under foot; who have no recompense to offer, and to espouse whose hated cause exposes the advocate to reproach, persecution and martyrdom—therefore, Resolved: That in the judgment of this Conference, the American Anti-Slavery Society is preëminently entitled to the confidence and support of all who seek, upon disinterested and uncompromising principles, the abolition of slavery in the United States: and would extend its warmest welcome to its most worthy representative, Mr. Parker Pillsbury, the long-tried and unfaltering champion of the cause of the enslaved children of America.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY ADVOCATE AND THE LONDON CONFERENCE.

To the Editor of The Anti-Slavery Advocate.

Dear Sir: As one of the representatives of the North of England Anti-Slavery League, at the recent Conference held at the London Tavern, under the auspices of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, as well as one of the delegates to that meeting, appointed by the Manchester Conference, I feel it to be my duty to address you a reply to certain statements and insinuations (both editorial and otherwise) contained in the *Anti-Slavery Advocate* for this month, which seriously reflect upon the course pursued by Mr. Thompson at the meeting in question—a course which I, likewise, deemed it right to follow, and of the justice and policy of which I entertain the most profound conviction. Every one who took part in our councils will remember that, in the repeated consultations that took place among many of the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, at the time of the holding of the Manchester Conference, it was deemed best not to waste our time, and to exhaust our resources, in a needless and an unnecessary crusade against the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society; but if it were required of us at all to enter the arena of controversy, to enter it as the staunch and uncompromising advocates of the catholicity of the Anti-Slavery platform. I employ the words "fruitless and unnecessary crusade," because, whatever may have been the policy of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society in past times, it is admitted on all hands—not even excepting yourself, sir—that, during the last two years, they have made considerable advances in the right direction; and it seems to me that it would be impolitic, as well as ungenerous, to stop them in that course by denouncing them now for former delinquencies, of which, I trust, they have repented; by refusing to give them credit for their nearer approach to our standard; or by casting suspicion upon their motives, and impugning their integrity.

Such, then, in brief, were the views entertained by most, if not by all, of our "peculiar friends" who were present at the Manchester Conference—views which required no diminution of our allegiance to the radical Anti-Slavery cause—no compromise of any kind; but which only required us to encourage the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society in its improved action; to spur it on to increased faithfulness; and to coöperate with it as far as we consistently could. I may state, moreover, that, at Manchester, we decided that one of the best tests of the genuineness of the change in the policy of the Society would be the terms of admission to its Conference. My gratification was great when, on referring to the *Anti-Slavery Reporter* for September, I read the following announcement: "*Any person will be eligible as a member of the Conference, and entitled to take part in its proceedings, who subscribes to the fundamental principle*, namely, that Slavery is a sin, and a crime against God, and, therefore, is not to be defended, or extenuated, but is to be uncompromisingly opposed, and its utter and immediate extinction sought by the employment for that object of moral, and pacific means only."

This much of explanation is needed to show with what feelings we entered upon the performance of our duties as members of the late London Conference.

The first statement made by the *The Advocate* which requires notice is the following: "*The leading members* of the New Broad street Committee have declared in words, or substance, *that no consideration could induce them to recognise the American Anti-Slavery Society*, although they were willing to pass a general resolution of sympathy with the American Abolitionists. It was the opinion of Mr. George Thompson that this general resolution should be accepted."

I utterly deny that such a statement was made by "the leading members of the New Broad street Committee," or by any one of them, during the late Conference. The sole foundation for your charge was an observation made by Mr. Sturge to Mr. Thompson, in a *strictly private interview*, which took place between them. What Mr. Sturge said was: "Nothing should induce him, *at that time*, to consent to the introduction in the Resolution of the name of any Society." You, or your informants, in order, it may be, to demonstrate the unfaithfulness of Mr. Thompson, have magnified this remark into an utter and everlasting repudiation of the American Anti-Slavery Society, not by Mr. Sturge merely, but by the leading members of the New Broad street Committee!

After having accomplished this interesting work, you proceed to show that, as far as the Abolitionists of America were concerned, "the general resolution" was worthless; and that "*it was not intended to include the American Anti-Slavery Society.*" So far is this from being correct, that Mr. Joseph Cooper (one of the most active and excellent members of the Committee), as well as Mr. Joseph Sturge, stated to Mr. Thompson that the resolution *was* intended to include the American Anti-Slavery Society. *This was again and again repeated.* And yet you tell your readers the very opposite, on what authority I know not. No doubt you believe implicitly what you state—but your information has been sadly defective.

A word or two now on the Rev. Francis Bishop's letter, in which our friend claims for himself, for Mr. James, and for Mr. Pillsbury, the exclusive advocacy of the claims of the American Anti-Slavery Society. The following is the most important part of his letter: "In the course of the day, we were shown a printed resolution on the subject of American slavery, intended to be proposed to-day. It was full and outspoken, and expressed sympathy with the American Anti-Slavery Society, and with the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. We thought it, on the whole, unexceptionable, and, to a most unexpected extent, satisfactory to the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society. In the afternoon, however, we were informed that Mr. Chamerovzow had drawn up that resolution without the concurrence of his Committee, some of whom objected to the American Anti-Slavery Society being recognised. A meeting of the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, after discussing this matter, ultimately separated, with a half-formed resolution to make a formal attempt in the meeting to get the American Anti-Slavery Society distinctly and honourably recognised. We were, however, to think over the matter, and finally decide what course to take at half-past nine this morning (the Conference assembling at ten), at the London Tavern. After a private interview with Mr. Sturge, Mr. Thompson came to us in a waiting-room, and said there was an objection on the part of the Committee to sanction the *American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society* as well as the *American Anti-Slavery Society;* that they had determined to break off their connection with the former, and that we might get all we wanted, if we would now waive our wish to get the American Anti-Slavery Society formally recognised. *And he (Mr. Thompson) recommended us to agree to the wishes of the Committee.* Mr. Sherman was all this time speaking on the American Resolution. I felt that we were in a great difficulty, and did not like to oppose Mr. Thompson's judgment. But I could not feel satisfied in my own mind, after all that he said, that it was right to adopt his recommendation. We ought not and *need not* have been in such a position as to have come to a decision so hastily, and under such pressing circumstances. We went into the room in an undecided state."

I perceive, in Mr. Bishop's letter, no less than in your editorial columns, a disinclination to do justice to Mr. Thompson. Every mention that is made of him is of a disparaging character; and, as I shall presently prove, *suppressio veri* has been freely employed. Mr. Bishop does not describe the circumstances under which the names of the American, and American and Foreign, Anti-Slavery Societies were introduced into the amended resolution which he saw; nor does he take the slightest notice of Mr. Thompson's exertions in connection with them. I will endeavour to supply the deficiency from my own recollection, as well as from the information communicated to me by Mr. Thompson in repeated conversations I have had with him on the subject. The day before the Conference commenced its sittings, Mr. Thompson went down to the Anti-Slavery Office, at considerable inconvenience, expressly to ask permission to see the Resolution on American Slavery, but could not then see a copy, as it was not then prepared. On this occasion he had an interview with two leading members of the Committee, and with the utmost frankness expressed his opinion of the American Anti-Slavery Society; and, with great warmth and earnestness, rebuked the New Broad street Committee for its past treatment of that Society. On Tuesday evening, a copy of the Resolution was brought to the *Empire* Office, by Mr. Chamerovzow, he being on his way to his Committee's printer to get the Resolution printed, as there was not time to get it copied by hand. Mr. Chamerovzow's object in coming was to confer with Mr. Thompson as to the course which he, and his friends, intended to pursue, as there was a disposition, on both sides, to avoid dissension. During this interview, in reply to a question from Mr. Thompson, Mr. Chamerovzow stated that the Resolution on American Slavery would be substantially the same as had been passed at the Manchester Conference. Mr. Thompson inquired if there was to be any special mention of the American Anti-Slavery Society. The answer was in the negative. Mr. Thompson then said (and I quote his exact words), "But for past differences between the American Anti-Slavery Society and your body, the Resolution would be unexceptionable; but, considering those differences, and your avowed desire that they should cease, it is my opinion that there should be a distinct recognition of the American Anti-Slavery Society." He was told that "the Committee had embraced that Society in their Resolution from its commencement; but, for special reasons, *not unfriendly to that Society*, it had been thought advisable to speak in general terms." But, Mr. Thompson, in discharge of his duty to the American Society, and with a view to avoid controversy, pressed for the insertion of the name of that Society. His suggestion was inserted in the margin, and the resolution was carried away. On the following day, Mr. Thompson, during the interval between the two sessions of the Conference, read a printed resolution embodying his suggestion (but containing the addition of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society) to a meeting of the friends of the American Society, by whom it was approved, as is stated by Mr. Bishop. On his return, Mr. Thompson was informed that the Committee could not adopt the resolution in that form. The amendment had been made without their authority; and it was by mere accident that a copy of it had passed out of the hands of some member of the Committee. He was invited to meet Mr. Joseph Sturge and Mr. R. Forster, to deliberate upon the difficulty. At the interview, Mr. Thompson again strongly urged the mention in the Resolution of the American Society. On the following morning, according to an appointment made through me, Mr. Thompson again saw Mr. Sturge, together with Mr. Cooper. Their opinion as to the advisability of the adoption of their own Resolution remained unchanged; but Mr. Thompson received from them the most emphatic assurances that they were anxious past differences should be obliterated; and that he and his friends were at perfect liberty to say what they pleased in justification of the American Society in the Conference. "Not only will no exception be taken to what you say," said Mr. Joseph Sturge, "*but we shall be most happy to hear justice done to that Society.*"

I ask, therefore, after these concessions had been made; after the Conference had maintained the unfettered catholicity of the Anti-Slavery platform by the admission of ladies, no less than by the overthrow of the barriers of sect; after the widest latitude of speech had been allowed to all parties; and after Mr. Parker Pillsbury himself had been requested to second the American Resolution proposed by Mr. Sherman; I ask whether, in the face of this spirit of conciliation, and of justice, Mr. Thompson's duty to the Anti-Slavery cause required him to cast the apple of discord into the Conference; and to brand with burning invectives the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society?

There is but one other point in Mr. Bishop's letter to which I need allude. He states that Mr. Thompson advised the "Garrisonians" to agree to the Committee's Resolutions. This he did not do. He sought to influence the judgment of no one, and contented himself with expressing his own individual opinion.

At the bottom of one of the columns containing the Report of the Conference, you have placed the following foot-note, which refers to Mr. Thompson's speech on Mr. Bishop's amendment: "*No other report of the Conference amongst many which have reached us makes any mention of the speech of Mr. Thompson thus succinctly reported; nor of any other allusion by him to the American Anti-Slavery Society.*" I think I do not commit an error when I say that the impression which the perusal of this foot-note is calculated to produce on the mind of the reader is, that Mr. Thompson did not make a speech in which (to quote the report of the *Empire*, copied by the *Advocate*) "he paid a glowing tribute of respect to the American Anti-Slavery Society." Your insinuation is totally without foundation, and is as ungenerous as it is untrue. Will you produce a witness who will dare to deny my statement? If so, I will produce fifty to testify to the truthfulness of the *Empire's* report, which was prepared by myself, and which was not seen by Mr. Thompson until after its publication. Happily, my friend, Mr. Farmer, took a *verbatim* report of Mr. Thompson's speech, which shows that, while it may suit the correspondents of the *Advocate* to be silent as to what he said, he nevertheless did ample justice to the merits of the brave band of Transatlantic Abolitionists, with whom he has been associated for nearly a quarter of a century. This theme formed the burden of his speech, although "A Delegate," who, I am sorry to see, dates from Manchester, could find in it nothing to write about, but that it "ended in recommending peace." This reference to it, however, meager and unfriendly as it is, seems to disprove the statements of the Editor, that "no other report" but that in the *Empire* makes mention of Mr. Thompson's speech, and I am quite at a loss to account for this insidious insinuation.

Mr. Bishop made the withdrawal of his amendment depend upon the denial, by the New Broad street Committee, of the existence, in their minute book, of any resolution repudiating the American Anti-Slavery Society, a charge which I never heard preferred against them. Mr. Thompson, however, demanded and obtained guarantees for the future. He said, "with the understanding that the American Anti-Slavery Society will henceforth receive, at the hands of the British and Foreign Society, the same meed of approbation which the slave it is labouring to redeem would bestow upon it, and will be judged not according to the views, when off the anti-slavery platform, of some of its members, but according to its principles and conduct as an anti-slavery body, I shall consent to the withdrawal of the amendment." I do not wish to draw a comparison between Mr. Thompson and Mr. Bishop prejudicial to the latter; I am only desirous that you should see how unjust you and your correspondents have been to Mr. Thompson.

I regret the necessity which has been imposed upon me of writing you so long a letter to correct the mistakes into which the *Anti-Slavery Advocate* has fallen—mistakes which, as you will perceive, are calculated to damage Mr. Thompson, and myself, who acted with him, in the estimation of those friends of the slave, both in this country and in the United States of America, with whom we have hitherto coöperated, and whose friendship and confidence we hope ever to retain.

Yours truly, F. W. Chesson.

Fleet street, London, 12th January, 1855.

POLITICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

POSITION OF HON. HENRY WILSON ON THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

The following correspondence appeared in the Boston *Bee*, a few days since:

MR. HALL'S LETTER.

Hon. Henry Wilson—*Sir:* I enclose to you a paper, which has been put into my hands, containing extracts from certain speeches made by you in the late Constitutional Convention.

The design of the paper is, evidently, to produce an unfavourable impression in respect to your sincerity as a member of the American party, and, as a matter of justice, it seems necessary that you should have an opportunity to correct any impression which may be erroneous.

I take the liberty, therefore, to ask you to state, if consistent with your inclination and convenience, if the "extracts," as they stand in this circular, are a fair representation of your present views of American principles.

On a cursory examination of the speeches from which these extracts are made, the general scope of your argument appears to be in opposition to the proscription of coloured persons, and it is possible that the references to persons of "foreign birth" were chiefly employed by way of amplification and illustration of the main proposition.

But, however this may be, the question of present opinion in regard to the great principles o. the American party is principally important, and it would be gratifying if you should see fit to take occasion to express yourself distinctly on these points.

In the present crisis of our political history, I deem the supremacy of the ideas which underlie the popular movement of paramount importance. In their prevalence is the hope of our country for generations to come. The highest interests of freedom are identified with them. Their successful development must depend on the people—not merely on a fraction of the people, as in usual party victories—but on the united movement of the mass. Let but the mass be once invested with power, and act out their natural instincts, and I am content to abide the result so far as the correction of abuses and the removal of social and political evils are concerned.

With these sentiments, I am impelled to take the liberty of troubling you with this communication, and remain,

With the highest respect,
Your obedient servant,
Robert B. Hall.

Boston, Jan. 18, 1855.

GEN. WILSON'S REPLY.

Natick, January 20, 1855.

Hon. Robert B. Hall—*Sir:* Your note of the 18th inst. is before me, and I very cheerfully answer your inquiries concerning my views upon the questions involved in the American movement.

While I am ready frankly to avow my sentiments and opinions to all men, I am constrained to declare that I pen this letter to you with no little reluctance. I am conscious that letters written by a candidate pending an election always subject him to misrepresentation, and to the suspicion of insincerity in the opinions he avows.

As you suggest, the reference in my speech in the Constitutional Convention to the organization of military companies composed of men of foreign birth was made simply as an illustration. I did not then approve, I do not now approve, and I never can approve, of the organization of military companies composed of men of foreign birth.

As to the allusions in my speeches to the distinctions on account of colour or race, I have to say that if I clearly comprehend the ideas and principles of the American movement, it does not ignore or deny the sublime creed that "*All men are created equal*"—the great central idea upon which our American institutions are based; but still more, if I clearly comprehend its genius and spirit, its aims and purposes, it does not propose to withdraw from men born in other lands the protection of just and equal laws.

Summoned into action by the evils and abuses which have grown out of the annual immigration into America, by hundreds of thousands, of men reared under the influences of social, religious and political institutions, differing from, or antagonistic to, our own, the American movement proposes to correct these evils and abuses by wise and humane legislation; to protect ourselves from the organized system in the old world, which subjects us to the support of foreign paupers and the depredations of alien criminals; to thoroughly revise the naturalization laws; to destroy that political element of foreign influence heretofore so potent in public affairs; to counteract the insidious and malign tendencies of that sectarian power that instinctively sympathizes with oppression in the Old World and in the New, and to place the government of America in the hands of Americans who are imbued with the spirit of her Democratic Institutions. Guided in its action by love to all men and hatred to none, embracing in its affections the whole country and the people of the whole country, maintaining the Nationality and Unity of the Republic, and the Democratic doctrine of State rights, the American movement cannot fail to receive the sanction of the American people to its ideas and principles.

Concurring entirely with you in the opinion that the "highest interests of freedom are identified with the supremacy of the ideas which underlie this popular movement," I shall cheerfully labour, in public or in private life, for their advancement. In so doing, I shall only be acting in accordance with the sentiments I have long entertained—sentiments which have been deepened and strengthened by recent events in our own and other States, especially by the tone of those politico-sectarian organs which avow sentiments and doctrines hostile to the genius and spirit of American Institutions.

Yours, truly, Henry Wilson.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY AND ITS EXPURGATIONS.

An article on this subject will be found on our first page. We commend the facts stated therein to the attention of our readers. There is one fact, however, in regard to the memoir of Mary Lundie Duncan, not stated by the *Standard*, which presents the conduct of the Society in a still darker light. The Carters, of New York, had issued a complete edition of the work, under the sanction and supervision of the authoress, Mrs. Lundie. The Tract Society issued their edition, in which something less than a page was omitted, and call it an *abridgement*, and send it out in the market to undersell the true edition, in opposition to the wishes of the authoress. By the aid of the contributions of the Christian public, the Tract Society is able to sell its publications at cost, which, of course, no private publisher can do. Hence the contributors to that Society are giving their money to enable the Society to put *counterfeit* editions of popular works in the market, at prices which drive out the authentic issues of private publishers.

There is "a mystery of iniquity" about this business of expurgating books, which we believe has never yet been half fathomed. A few years ago, we commenced collecting facts on this subject, with a view of presenting to the public as complete an account of all the expurgations made by the various publishing Societies and houses as possible. While thus engaged, we received a letter from Mr. Lewis Tappan, of New York, stating that he was engaged in the same work and for the same purpose, and asking for facts. We accordingly forwarded what facts we had already collected, and left the task to him. We have been anxiously awaiting ever since for the appearance of Mr. Tappan's work on the subject. But the result of the very slight investigation which we made into the matter was the conviction that the villanous work of expurgating from books passages which are in conflict with popular prejudice has been carried to an extent that has never been dreamed of by the people, and to an extent that will startle them from their propriety if the facts are once fully brought out. We found scarcely *one hymn or psalm book from which anti-slavery verses had not been expunged.* From no other investigation of the same length did we ever derive such an impression of the sleepless vigilance of the Slave Power of this land. With a lynx-eyed keenness, worthy of a better cause, that power scans the whole range of religious and popular literature, and blots out with its bloody paw every sentence and syllable in condemnation of oppression that it dares to obliterate. That the Holy Bible has escaped expurgation is owing solely to the impossibility of doing it without detection and disgrace.

We hope some one competent for the work will investigate this whole subject thoroughly, and give the world a complete and connected account of all the mutilations of popular works that have been made in this country. If such a work does not cause the ears of honest people to tingle, we are greatly mistaken.—*Free Presbyterian.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 3, 1855.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Anniversary Meeting of the Old Pioneer Anti-Slavery Society, on the principle of Immediate Emancipation, was held in Boston, on Thursday and Friday, 25th and 26th ult. The attendance was excellent, notwithstanding the generally unfavourable nature of the weather. The Meionaon, the Lesser Temple, under the Tremont Temple, was well filled from the beginning. The number of Abolitionists present was larger, we should think, than usual, and unabated zeal and determination displayed. The interest of the Meeting was aroused at an early period of its first session, and was kept up with spirit to the end. Mr. Garrison, Mr. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Mr. Remond, and many others, participated in the discussions, which ranged over a wide field of Anti-Slavery duty. The class of men and women constituting this Society are of the description that do not need political triumphs or political aspirations, for themselves or their favourites, to keep their interest in the cause alive. Their Abolitionism has no affinity for Election Days, and is neither made hot nor cold by the approach or the departure of those Republican festivals. They are content with preparing the way for the politicians that will walk into office over the path they have smoothed by their labours—with ploughing and sowing the field which other men will reap. They have faith in the final triumph of Truth, and are willing to wait the coming of her chariot wheels; but not to wait in the spirit of that quietism that would put the whole weight of duty on the arm of Omnipotence—forgetting that even Omnipotence works with tools, and that for the sake of the instruments as much as for that of the end.

These Anti-Slavery Meetings, which have now been held annually for about a quarter of a century, have ever been a curious running commentary on the text of the wise leaders of the people in Church and State. The Doctors in Divinity and in Law, the Governors, Judges and the Press, political and religious, have ever been wiser than we. They have rebuked our tone, remonstrated against our haste, counselled deliberation and reflection, protested against our rough handling of Church and State, and unanimously come to the conclusion that we are the main obstacle in the way of the ardent philanthropists of the South, who are hungering and thirsting to set their slaves free, but will not, as long as we conjure them not to restrain their inclinations. But, in due process of time, the influences which proceeded forth from these Meetings, and such as they, made themselves felt in public affairs. A hand issued from out of them which moulded and shaped opinions in men's minds, and caused them to be crystallized into history. The test of unswerving fidelity to principle, in things religious and political, was more than many that had once walked with them could bear, and they turned aside and walked with them no more. Then various forms of political organizations appeared, having for part of their purpose the resistance of the Slave Power, in its entirety or in some of its tendencies. These have changed their shapes, and their hues, and their ends, often, and many have passed away or been swallowed by other parties which seemed to have a better chance of reaching the material success, which is the natural and necessary desire of all such organizations. In the midst of all these revolutions, notwithstanding the treacheries of some and the weaknesses of many, which have led to open attacks on its life or to withholding of former helping, the good old-fashioned, Old Organized Anti-Slavery Societies have remained unflinching and unchanged—or unchanged only in such new applications of their fixed principles as experience compelled them to accept and teach as the true way.

It seems odd, though it is but the necessary result of eternal laws, that the original agitators of the question of Slavery, who have breathed the breath of life into all the history of the country, bad as well as good, for the last twenty years, should be now not much stronger in numbers, or weightier in what men esteem character, than they were when they begun. Not many of the wise, or learned, or influential, as men account these things, have joined themselves to those that have been turning the world upside down. But all these classes, in their own despite, have been compelled to do the work the Abolitionists laid out for them. The Abolitionists observed and announced an everlasting law and its necessary effects, and, willingly or unwillingly, all have had to prove it true by the consequences of their obedience or disobedience to it. The Abolitionists did not make the laws the forces of which have been felt throughout the country; they have only stated and illustrated them. They have not needed numbers for the doing of this work; singleness of eye and of heart was all that was wanted. Thus they have been saved the temptation which besets almost every religious sect, and absolutely every political party, to yield a little principle in order to purchase substantive strength. They know that their strength lies not in round numbers, but in the truth of their principles, and the absolute and perfect Right of their aim. They have, therefore, not neglected the assembling of themselves together, from year to year, although they had no startling additions to their ranks to boast of. They point to the whole contemporary history of the country as the fruit of their labours; and though the evil spirit that they have exorcised rend the nation and threaten to destroy it, they have faith that he will yet be cast out.

The Abolitionists have not succeeded in pleasing the public, let them do what they might. Fortunately, they had not made the satisfaction of the public their object so much as its good. They are thought to be intolerant because they will not allow that the method of other people is as good as their own. They will not admit that all that name the name of Anti-Slavery are, therefore, of Anti-Slavery. They regard no one as being fully entitled to the name of an Abolitionist who does not follow out the Idea of Immediate Emancipation to its natural results. They try to look at Slavery and all its concernments as an intelligent slave would look at them, and to act as he would in their place. Whatever sustains Slavery, however august or sacred be the name it takes upon itself—be it country, even, or religion—they know must be false and mischievous. No tree can be good that brings forth such a fruit, or gives it the shelter of its shade to grow under. If Slavery seek a safe sanctuary in the Church, they pursue it, even if the pursuit should destroy what they had been taught to regard as a holy thing. They do not believe that they, any more than the power of evil they would destroy, can ever prevail against the true church of God. So, if they find that the Republic they have been taught to regard as the temple of Liberty is, in truth, but the prison of Slavery, they do not hesitate to say that it should be destroyed and a better built up in its stead.

It is on these grounds that the Abolitionists declare that there is a great gulf fixed between them and the very best of the political Abolitionists. There is no compromise, no arrangement, no truck and dicker, in their philosophy. There is not even the smell of any such thing upon their garments. This it is that keeps their vision clear and gives them a right to censure freely, while they have ever been most eager to praise, where they could. They have ever been ready to accept aid from any quarter, and to recognise an earnest soldier in any uniform. But they cannot admit that any who do not see eye to eye, and stand shoulder to shoulder, with them are to be placed in the same rank with themselves. This matter was discussed largely at the late Massachusetts Meeting, and the stern logic of Foster and the fine rhetoric of Phillips were made to put it in the true light. We wish there could have been an accurate report of what was said. But, at any rate, it will have to be said over and over again, and may be reported yet. So the Meeting, though it did not indicate any new plan of political action, still let the politicians know how they could apply politics effectually for the promotion of Anti-Slavery, through the purification of a single State—by virtue of Nullification, if not of Disunion. But of this we must speak at another time.

A Two-edged Sword.—A bill was presented, on the 16th ult., in the Illinois Legislature, to prevent coloured people from being carried on the railroads of that State, which will probably pass the House, and perhaps the Senate. The bill provides that no "black or coloured person, denominated a negro, shall be carried on or along any railroad in this State, by any railroad in the State, without a duly certified certificate of freedom of such negro or mulatto person being first presented to the conductor of the train, and a copy of such certificate left with the conductor or agent." And the second section provides that any railroad company, or its conductor or agent, which carries a slave without any such certificate, shall be liable to the owner of such slave, or mulatto, in twice the value of such slave, to be recovered in the usual way. The intention of this bill undoubtedly is, primarily, to throw obstacles in the way of any coloured person entering the State of Illinois, and, secondly, to throw a new obstacle in the way of the transit of fugitive slaves across the democratic State of Illinois to their place of refuge, the territories of her Majesty, the Queen of England. And it will be effectual, in both cases, should it become a law, as in both cases it is meant to be an evidence of homage to the slaveholding neighbours of that State. But it will be also effectual in another way, and that one not quite so pleasant to the men-hunters and men-stealers of Kentucky and Missouri, across the rivers that bound Illinois on two sides. Suppose a gentleman from St. Louis, or Louisville, is called, by business or pleasure, to take a trip to the Lakes or the Upper Mississippi, and wishes to take his live boot-jack with him? or my lady, his wife, on a journey to the Falls of St. Anthony, desires to have with her the thing which dresses and combs her?—shall these sovereigns be stopped with the impudent demand of a railroad conductor—"Free papers, if you please, Sir, for the nigger"! The legislators of Illinois are forgetful of their allegiance when they fail to remember that other coloured persons than those who claim to be free may present themselves at the railroad dépôts for tickets. Their law should be so amended that it shall be clear that all coloured people travelling in Illinois are considered as slaves, except slaves themselves, who may go where their masters please to take them.

ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

This meeting convened at the Meionaon Hall, in Boston, Thursday, the 25th ultimo, at 10 o'clock, A. M., the President, Francis Jackson, in the chair.

A Business Committee was chosen, consisting of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Wm. Wells Brown, Stephen S. Foster, Anne W. Weston, Nancy L. Howes, Charles L. Remond, Henry C. Wright, and Nathaniel H. Whiting.

Samuel May, Jr., and Wm. H. Fish were appointed Assistant Secretaries.

Prayer was offered by Wm. H. Fish, of Hopedale.

The General Agent, Samuel May, Jr., read an encouraging statement of the operations of the Society for the past year, giving a brief notice of the labours of the various agents employed, and urging the importance of keeping many such faithful servants constantly in the field. The action of Boston, under the direction of its Mayor and other officers, in the Burns case, was plainly and severely, but justly, commented upon, as were also the special labours of Rev. Drs. Lord and Nehemiah Adams in behalf of the *endangered* Despotism. Mr. May's statement concluded with an impressive tribute of respect to the late John M. Fiske, of West Brookfield, who had long been a faithful friend and officer of the Society.

On motion of Edmund Quincy, it was voted, that the Report of Mr. May be referred to the Board of Managers for the ensuing year; but before this motion was put, John C. Cluer wished to make a suggestion.

He regretted that while Mr. May had very justly condemned the men of foreign birth who participated in the rendition of Burns, he had neglected to mention those Yankee blacklegs of Boston who were his especial guards. Mr. Cluer considered Mayor Smith as the chief of these Boston villains, and he desired the fact to be known across the ocean.

Mr. May replied that he had no design to exempt any man, American or otherwise, from deserved execration, who took part in the delivery of Anthony Burns into slavery, as he thought a glance at his Report would show.

Mr. Quincy's motion was unanimously adopted.

Mr. Quincy suggested some change in the manner of holding the Annual Meeting, and adopting the method of the American Society, viz.: to commence with a general meeting, for which the best speakers should be previously engaged and prepared, and publicly advertised. The city would thus be thoroughly notified and aroused.

G. W. Putnam, of Lynn, objected to having a meeting arranged beforehand, thinking it would infringe upon free speech.

Mr. Garrison commented upon the refusal of the House of Representatives to grant the use of the Hall for a single meeting of this Society, and thought that, though their chief reason, on the face of it, viz., that it was closed to *all* parties, seemed plausible enough, it was somewhat like Herod's requirement that *all* the children of a certain age should be destroyed, in order that they might be sure to slay the one most objectionable to them, and dangerous to their existence.

Mr. Garrison, Chairman of the Business Committee, presented the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That while we rejoice in every indication of an approximation, on the part of public men, or of religious or political bodies, to the standard of uncompromising Abolitionism, and are ever ready to give credit to whom credit is due, for any real service that may be done to the anti-slavery cause, we, nevertheless, feel constrained to admonish all men and all parties that no incidental labour, no partial issue, no struggle against slaveholding aggressions upon the rights of the North, can be a substitute for the duty of seeking the immediate and utter extirpation of the slave system, and separating ourselves from all participancy in the guilt thereof.

2. Resolved, That institutions are for men, and not men for institutions; therefore, all institutions, whether in Church or State, that cannot exist without enslaving men ought to be, and must be, destroyed.

Mr. Garrison spoke of the general charge made against Abolitionists that they are *uncharitable*; but he believed they were always ready to do justice to any man who should do any true anti-slavery work, in whatsoever way he might do it. We are contending, however, he said, with a united and uncompromising Despotism, and we must be as uncompromising as that. It was a good thing to be opposed to the Fugitive Slave law, the Nebraska bill, and to give succour to fugitives; but, commendable as these acts are, genuine anti-slavery covers broader ground than this; and those who make the charge of uncharitableness should remember that if it is not a question of charity at all, but of right. Abolitionism, he insisted, is to *hate slavery* for others as we should hate it for ourselves; and to repudiate and oppose whatever upholds slavery.

Mr. Phillips said, if we accept any half-way anti-slavery without criticism, we shall fail to meet the demands of the time. He would acknowledge many things as a gain to the anti-slavery cause, that could not be regarded as at all an anti-slavery triumph. The *political* action needed is not that a great deal of ground should be gone over superficially, but that some one thing should be done *thoroughly*. He asked for the result of the partial anti-slavery action of the country. It is the Fugitive Slave bill, and the Nebraska bill, and it will by and by be Cuba. Under its influence the country was lost to freedom; the Slave Power has the control, and Senators and Representatives can only ineffectually protest. He insisted, therefore, that the great need is an example of anti-slavery; a commonwealth or a city that should be a model for the world. The true policy is to keep before the country our ultimate ends, and this is the only method of success. The question is not whether Mr. A. or B. is a great man, an eloquent man, but whether he is an uncompromising Abolitionist. Reform movements are necessarily aggressive, and they should draw up every man's method to the ring-bolt of a rigid scrutiny. When our anti-slavery enterprise shall become tame and uncompromising, it should be put out of the way.

James N. Buffum, of Lynn, expressed his approbation of the first resolution, and thought that if the sentiment and philosophy of our movement were known, they would find a wide response to them among the people. He referred to Frederick Douglass, who has lately been on a lecturing visit to Lynn, where he undertook to represent Garrisonianism, but most shamefully *mis*-represented it. He wished to protest against such labours of Mr. Douglass, and to bear his own testimony in favour of uncompromising anti-slavery.

Mr. Putnam attempted an explanation of Mr. Douglass's lecture, somewhat different from Mr. Buffum's, and in defence of Mr. D. He also spoke in reprobation of the late Manchester (England) Anti-Slavery Conference, for refusing a hearing to Joseph Barker.

John C. Cluer said that Joseph Barker was put down at the Manchester meeting on account of his religious and philanthropic views, strongly, earnestly and eloquently expressed. The men who prevented his speaking were not lovers of *universal* freedom. But he himself had stuck by old organized anti-slavery in this country, and the Luther leaders of it, because he had always found them loyal to liberty under all circumstances. He knew Mr. Garrison in England and knew him to be as true there as at home; and he cherished the highest regard for both him and Mr. Phillips. But he loved the cause they represented better than he loved them.

On motion of Mr. May, Committees on Finance, and upon the Officers of the Society for the ensuing year, were appointed as follows:

On Finance: Lewis Ford, Elbridge Sprague, Reuben H. Ober, Sallie Holley and Samuel Dyer.

On Nomination of Officers: Edmund Quincy, of Dedham; Ebenezer D. Draper, of Milford; Briggs Arnold, of Abington; John Clement, of Townsend; Joshua G. Dodge, of West Cambridge; William Ashby, of Newburyport; Elias Richards, of Weymouth.

[The paper having the names of this Committee having been mislaid, the Secretaries have supplied the above from memory, but perhaps imperfectly.]

Mr. Garrison, in speaking of Frederick Douglass, simply said that Mr. Douglass was in such a state of mind as unfitted him to represent the views which he (Mr. Garrison) held on any subject. As to the case of Joseph Barker, at the Manchester Conference, he thought that Mr. B. was *not* prevented from speaking in consequence of his peculiar views, but because he was not in order, according to British ruling in such cases. This, Mr. Garrison felt himself bound in justice to say.

Wm. Wells Brown coincided with Mr. Garrison's view of Mr. Barker's case, and, as he was present, he deemed it well to state his convictions on the subject. The floor belonged to Samuel R. Ward, and the chair simply so decided. The meeting would not have refused Mr. Barker a hearing on the ground of his supposed heretical views, and did so solely to maintain a point of order. This, he said, was the view of the matter which George Thompson took.

Mr. Putnam got his impression of the case of Mr. Barker principally from Mr. Barker's own letter, and Mr. Garrison's comments on it; but he was glad to hear Mr. Brown's explanation, though not entirely satisfactory to him.

AFTERNOON.

The President in the chair. Mr. Garrison read the resolutions presented to the meeting in the morning.

Francis Jackson, in the absence of the Treasurer, Mr. Philbrick, read the Treasurer's Report, as audited; from which it appears that the receipts of the past year were $8,735.27. Expenditures, $8,066.76.

Voted, To accept the report and publish it.

Mr. Garrison thought, that notwithstanding all the labours of the Abolitionists, there are few who comprehend the magnitude of the anti-slavery movement. This movement at first was simply in behalf of the three millions of slaves in our land; but now it is far wider in its scope and object. The slaveholding spirit is the universal spirit of the land; therefore it is that the Government and the Church are pro-slavery. The first thing to be understood, then, is human nature and the rights of man; man's superiority to all institutions; and this is what the anti-slavery movement, in the Providence of God, is emphatically and impressively teaching the nation. Whatever institution outlaws men, we must so treat it that it shall outlaw us too. This thought he enlarged upon in his usually searching and effective manner.

Henry C. Wright responded to Mr. Garrison's remarks, and said he would belong to no institution that outlawed man, but would labour for the overthrow of all such institutions. The great object of the anti-slavery movement is to rescue man from the thraldom of institutions. These views Mr. Wright enlarged upon for a short time, and was listened to with attention and evident interest.

Wm. Wells Brown said that the Slave Power had, from the first, used all its resources to sustain itself and its reputation for respectability. Its policy has been to *buy up* whatever stood in its way—politicians and ministers especially. He instanced Dr. Nehemiah Adams as an illustration of the way in which the South buys up the ministers.

Mr. Brown thought he knew about as much of slavery as Dr. Adams, and could give quite as accurate a view of the subject. He had been a slave himself for twenty years, and he would undertake to examine some of the Rev. gentleman's positions and assertions. This work of criticism Mr. Brown did up much to the interest and satisfaction of his hearers, and to the detriment of his dissected reverence. Had Dr. Adams been present, we think he would have felt himself to be a very insignificant personage before this graduate of the plantation, and we could wish him no greater *justice* than to have to meet Mr. Brown on the anti-slavery platform. Mr. Brown closed with some interesting remarks on the anti-slavery sentiment of Great Britain, and upon the importance of labouring to strip slavery of its social and religious character.

Mr. Garrison, from the Business Committee, presented the following resolutions:

3. Resolved, That as even the atrocious Fugitive Slave Law was overruled, by Divine Providence, to accomplish an effective anti-slavery work, so the misstatements of fact, the perversions of reasoning, the eulogies of slavery, the libels against freedom, and the caricatures of religion, contained in the Rev. Nehemiah Adams's "South-Side View of Slavery," may be expected to produce a similar result, and, in that view, are commended to the thorough and attentive perusal of every Abolitionist.

4. Resolved, That those who remain inactive, for fear of the "consequences" of the abolition of slavery, may profitably note, in Dr. Adams's hints at the desirableness of introducing slavery at the North, and of re-establishing the *foreign* slave trade, some *consequences* of apostacy from freedom.

5. Resolved, That those who have doubted the testimony of Anti-Slavery lecturers, that the clergy are the chief bulwark of slavery, strongest in opposition to those who are labouring for its removal, and farthest of the whole community from favouring radical reform in the case of popular sins, may find in this book one more item of evidence on those points.

6. Resolved, That the open and thorough falsehood of Dr Adams's pretence, that his course of action and general influence, public and private, before his three months visit at the South, had been against slavery, is an absolute bar to the favourable construction of some of his critics, that, in writing and publishing this book, he had been candid and well-meaning, though not intelligent, and had shown weakness rather than wickedness.

7. Resolved, That the unimpaired good standing of President Lord, Dr. Adams and Dr. Blagden with the clergymen and laymen of their sect, and their continued reception as competent teachers of piety and morality, in their respective parishes, since their recent advocacy of slavery, give us renewed evidence of the hollowness and falsehood of the popular religion, and the need of replacing it by true Christianity.

Stephen S. Foster thought one of the objects of the Annual Meeting should be to lay out business for the future. He would, therefore, lay before his readers a plan of operations, and the motives in which they should be adopted. He thought the first need is *enthusiasm*, without which we could do little or nothing. This point Mr. Foster enlarged upon with an enthusiasm that seemed to diffuse itself through the audience, and to be a perfect illustration of the truth of his position. But he thought that not only enthusiasm, but some new form of anti-slavery action, should be presented to the people, at this crisis. He believed the time had come in which all men should be denied the possession of an anti-slavery character who support the United States Government. He acknowledged that he himself had sinned in this matter, having recognised such men as Charles Sumner and John P. Hale as Abolitionists; but he could do so no more. This declaration of Mr. Foster elicited a considerable and earnest discussion about Mr. Sumner's position, and the character of the United States Constitution; in the midst of which, the meeting adjourned to 7 o'clock, P. M.

EVENING.

The President in the chair.

George W. Putnam commenced the services of the evening with an anti-slavery song.

S. S. Foster resumed the remarks commenced by him in the afternoon: As to Mr. Sumner's character as a man, which was under discussion in the afternoon, he was willing to concede all, in reference to that, that his warmest friends could claim for him; but his position as a professed anti-slavery man, he felt himself under obligation to oppose. He supposed Mr. Sumner to hold, *in the main*, the popular views of the Constitution; hence, in carrying out these views, he must of necessity occupy the position of a pro-slavery man. His saying that he is an Abolitionist does not, of course, make him so; for, if he stands pledged to put to death men who rise in insurrection to secure their liberty, he is as much a slaveholder, in that respect, as ever was Henry Clay. In answer to a question from a hearer, Mr. Foster said he would have such a government for his brethren as he would have for himself; and he would never, God helping him, hold up his right hand to swear allegiance to a government the worst of whose laws he would not willingly have executed on himself and his family. He believed, too, that the great work of Abolitionists, for the coming year, should be the overthrow of the American Government, and that Free Soilers should be rebuked and denounced for their support of it. He urged the importance of forming a new political party, on the basis of the Constitution of Massachusetts, wholly ignoring the Constitution of the United States.

He said that such a Congress as the Americans have was not a body for an honest Abolitionist to be connected with. Gerrit Smith, he said, tried it, but soon got sick of the business of legislating with the pirates, and very properly turned his back upon them.

Mr. Foster also gave an account of his recent trial in Worcester, which was listened to with much interest; and closed his remarks with offering the following resolution:

8. Resolved, That the time has fully come when the friends of freedom who believe in political action can render essential service to our cause by the organization of a political party based upon the State Constitutions, and ignoring the Federal Government, thereby presenting, in a tangible form, the commencement of a political revolution, which is essential to the overthrow of slavery, and the success of which is sure to be followed with that glorious result.

Mr. Phillips being now rapturously applauded as he entered the house, and called upon for a speech, said he had nothing special to say, but he had just been listening to a *great* speech from Mr. Emerson—one of the greatest and bravest ever made in the city of Boston, or in New England. Mr. Emerson, he said, had showed himself to be a man, whom literary fame had never tempted to a wrong, and whom the opinions of his fellow-citizens never fettered. Mr. Phillips then passed to the subject of slavery, and was more than ordinarily eloquent for even him. He hoped, he said, we should yet have a *Massachusetts*, and we might have, if we only had a dozen clean men to make it. He thought that, in order for Mr. Sumner and his friends to accomplish the needed work, they must take substantially Lysander Spooner's view of the Constitution—such a view as would not only unseat Franklin Pierce, but Chief Justice Taney. This eloquent speech he closed by calling upon his hearers to exert themselves to save at least one State from the general wreck, to bear aloft the true standard, and lead the way to Freedom.

Adjourned to 10 o'clock, Friday.

FRIDAY MORNING.

Francis Jackson, President, in the chair, and a good audience in attendance.

Wm. H. Fish offered some remarks against the spirit of violence which manifests itself in the anti-slavery movement.

Geo. W. Putnam spoke briefly in reply to Mr. Fish, advocating war and violence, under certain circumstances.

Abby K. Foster said, the great thing needed is to get the people *ready* to do anti-slavery work; and when they get ready to do it, they will, of course, do it in their own way. But very few are up to the point of fighting for slavery, if they have the disposition; and she did not believe that even Worcester was prepared to protect the slave by force of arms. We ought, then, to go to work and get up such a public sentiment as will itself give safety to the fugitive. Agitation should be our motto; and this was our work, which work she described in an unusually interesting and impressive manner, that held the attention of her audience to the end. Her speech was one of the noblest of the whole meeting, and made a deep moral impression.

Mr. May spoke of the necessity of a hearty coöperation of all the friends of the Society in contributions to sustain it during the ensuing year.

The Finance Committee proceeded to take pledges and donations to the Society.

Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, came forward as the representative of three millions of his brethren in bonds, of whom he was once one; and he spoke on the general subject of slavery earnestly and well. His advice to the fugitive was, to be always ready to defend himself, at whatever hazard.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke, on rising to speak, said, he was once in a Water-Cure establishment, in which he noticed one peculiarity, which was, that just before they were getting well, they were worse. A crisis preceded cure. So it might be in the anti-slavery movement. Certain it is, that many bad things were just now coming upon the surface. Some of these bad things he had in his pocket—Dr. Adams's "South Side View," and President Lord's Letter of Inquiry to Christian Ministers. When such things, he said, were coming upon the surface, it was a good sign—a sign that there is something good near at hand. When we see men putting up bulwarks and making preparations for defence, it is a sure sign that their citadel is thought to be in danger. Anti-Slavery men ought, therefore, to "thank God and take courage."

Mr. Clarke did not wish to see the Union dissolved, but he preferred dissolution to the continuance of slavery. His brief speech was a good one, and an acceptable offering to the cause.

The following resolution, from the Business Committee, was presented by Mr. May:

9. Resolved, That we desire to express, in this public gathering of the Abolitionists of Massachusetts, our profound appreciation of the rare sagacity, fidelity and clear-sightedness of our friend Parker Pillsbury, during his tour through Great Britain—our sincere sympathy in his severe illness, and our deep gratitude for his constant, unintermitted efforts to serve the slave, shield his best friends from slander and misrepresentation, and turn the eyes of British Abolitionists upon the only efficient method to emancipate him; and we recommend Mr. Pillsbury to the entire confidence of our British friends, as one whom observation, long experience, constant presence in the anti-slavery field during many years, insight into the philosophy of our cause, and disinterested fidelity to it, have made a most reliable witness on every part of the Anti-Slavery movement.

AFTERNOON.

Francis Jackson in the chair.

Henry C. Wright, in commencing the speaking in the afternoon, said that he always found it a great help, in the presentation of the anti-slavery enterprise, to have a few well-defined axioms; and he proceeded to state some of these axioms, and to comment upon them.

On behalf of Mr. Garrison (who was confined to his house by a sudden illness), Mr. Wright presented the following resolutions:

Whereas, the Rev. Drs. Lord, Adams and Blagden profess to believe that the institution of chattel slavery, as it exists in this country, is sanctioned both by "natural and revealed religion"; that the slaves are in a desirable condition, kindly cared for and protected by their masters, and requiring no special sympathy or aid to deliver them from the authority exercised over them; and that the slaveholders, instead of being guilty of injustice, cruelty and immorality, are exemplary citizens, and, in many cases, excellent Christians; therefore,

10. Resolved, That it is to be deeply regretted that those reverend Doctors cannot be transferred to Southern plantations, to fill the places of those noble spirits in bondage, whose aspirations are continually for freedom, and who are only waiting for the first favourable opportunity to assert their manhood, by flight to Canada.

11. Resolved, That an exhibition of these impious vindicators of the "sum of all villany," on the auction-block, at public vendue, to be knocked down to the highest bidder, or their subjection to the lash of the slave-driver, or the seizure of their wives and children for the purposes of lust and robbery, never again to meet on earth, would, in one moment, purge their moral vision, enlighten their understanding, and satisfy them, beyond cavil, that slavery is from beneath, and that no apologist or defender thereof could, by any possibility, be a follower of Jesus Christ, or rationally hope for salvation, without thorough repentance.

Whereas, Southern slavery, by its own code, and not by any abuses, is the abolition of the marriage institution, and, therefore, a volcano of lewdness, in full and constant operation—is the denial of the right of its victims, under terrible penalties, to learn to read the name of their Heavenly Father, or to "search the Scriptures," in accordance with the injunction of his Beloved Son—is a classification of those who are made "a little lower than the angels" with cattle, swine, and other articles of merchandise—is the annihilation of all personal and individual rights—is the desecration of all the sacred relations of life, recognising neither father nor mother, neither husband nor wife, neither parent nor child*—and is, finally, in the fullest and most awful sense, the exaltation of the tyrannical master "above all that is called God," to the utter extinction, in the minds of his victims, of all sense of moral accountability to the Final Judge of quick and dead; therefore,

12. Resolved, That, making (as they do) no issue with the slave code, and endeavouring to counteract the humane efforts of those who are striving to overthrow the slave system by "the sword of the spirit which is the word of God," the Rev. Drs. Lord, Adams and Blagden give the clearest evidence to the world that their spirits are impure, that their reverence for the Bible is a mockery, that they are yet unable to discriminate between a man and a sheep, that they are the unblushing enemies of freedom and equality, and that they ought to be "hissed out of their places" as the professed ministers of Him who came to "preach deliverance to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound." And let all the people say, Amen!

Stephen S. Foster expressed his gratitude for the friendly criticism of which he was the subject in the morning. He justified that criticism as being legitimate to the anti-slavery platform. But he thought he could defend any course of action he had pursued and recommended as consistent. On the same principle that Mr. Fish held him (Mr. Foster) amenable to his professed non-resistance principle, he held professed fighting Abolitionists amenable to their principles. Mr. Foster argued this point in his usual logical manner. He also spoke at length on various phases of the anti-slavery movement, and frequently called forth great applause from the audience.

The Committee appointed to nominate officers of the Society made the following Report:

President—Francis Jackson, Boston.

Vice-Presidents—Andrew Robeson, New Bedford; Edmund Quincy, Dedham; Adin Ballou, Milford; Joshua T. Everett, Princeton; Effingham L. Capron, Worcester; Jefferson Church, Springfield; Oliver Gardner, Nantucket; Henry I. Bowditch, Boston; Josiah Henshaw, West Brookfield; Caroline Weston, Weymouth; Benjamin Snow, Jr., Fitchburg; George Miles, Westminster; James N. Buffum, Lynn; Cyrus Pierce, Newton; John T. Hilton, Brighton; Thomas T. Stone, Bolton; Bourne Spooner, Plymouth; William Ashby, Newburyport; John Bailey, Lynn; John S. Stafford, Cummington; James Russell Lowell, Cambridge; Richard Clapp, Dorchester; William Whiting, Concord; Ezekiel Thatcher, Barnstable; David P. Harmon, Haverhill; Charles Lenox Remond, Salem; John Clement, Townsend; Atkinson Stanwood, Newburyport; Lewis Ford, Abington.

Corresponding Secretary—Samuel May, Jr., Leicester.

Recording Secretary—Robert F. Wallcut, Boston.

Treasurer—Samuel Philbrick, Brookline.

Auditor—Edmund Jackson, Boston.

Counsellors—William Lloyd Garrison, Maria Weston Chapman, Cornelius Bramhall, Eliza Lee Follen, Edmund Quincy, John T. Sargent, Wendell Phillips, John Rogers, Anne W. Weston, Charles K. Whipple, William I. Bowditch, Charles F. Hovey.

James N. Buffum thought, in reference to Mr. Foster's plan, that it is a dangerous thing to go into a political party; and he hoped, therefore, that the Massachusetts Society would still maintain its original position, and continue to labour chiefly to remould public sentiment.

Henry Kemp, a Roman Catholic, came forward to defend the Romish Church, in reply to Mr. Foster. He claimed that the Catholic Church is thoroughly anti-slavery—as thoroughly as even his friend Foster. Various Popes, he said, had condemned slavery, and called upon the faithful everywhere, in the name of Almighty God, to put it entirely away from them. Hence he considered Archbishop Hughes and all the professed Catholics of America who sympathize with and aid the Slave Power as *excommunicated heretics.* He thought himself about the only representative of the true Catholic Church in this country. He took the highest anti-slavery ground, and was listened to with much interest.

EVENING.

Edmund Quincy in the Chair.

George W. Putnam read the following original anti-slavery poem, which was received with considerable applause:

THE ARRESTS.

BY GEORGE W. PUTNAM.

Where the Revolution's sages
Once from wall and niche looked on,
Where from distant hill-side gazing
Once stood Stuart's Washington,
Hangs the Traitor's paltry picture,
And, with many a curse and frown,
Pimps of Law, at Slavery's bidding,
Right of speech are hunting down!

Hunting Faneuil Hall for victims!
Legal hound and mongrel cur,
Baying on the track of freemen
Through the streets of Worcester!
O'er a race of men too patient
Shake their chain and crack their whip,
Bidding us, with words insulting,
Stay the pulses, close the lip.

Now upon the Northern shoulder
Slavery lays its bloody hand,
With the crime and with the hunter
Face to face the freemen stand!
Stowell, with his heart of lion;
Higginson, of spotless fame;
Phillips, with his angel utterance;
Parker, with his tongue of flame!

From Corruption's charnel creeping,
Scarce worth crushing 'neath the heel,
How Oppression's writhing vipers
Tear their fangs at Freedom's steel!
How the blood-bespotted ermine,
Trailed full oft beneath the chain,
Flaunts its folds around the leper,
As he tramples Truth again!

Ere this, many a man has fallen
In the pit for others made;
Many a weapon keen and two-edged
Torn *his* throat who forged the blade.
Wait awhile, O thieves and dastards!
Hunting down the good and true;
Stay! a jury of the people
Stand betwixt their doom and you!

Never yet since Freedom's watchman
Sent his cry along the land,
Never yet since round him rallied
Freedom's small but tireless band,
Has an hour so grand and hopeful
Dawned upon our upward path,
As this hour, when baffled malice,
Struggles in its dying wrath.

Better this than Northern drum-beat,
Better than array of steel,
For, beneath the agitation,
This broad land shall rock and reel.
Phillips' greeting, Sumner's welcome,
Tell of Freedom's going forth;
Through the doors of Tremont Temple
Roars the trumpet of the North!

Hark! a cry comes from the pulpit—
'Spare me, or my heart will break!
Not my mother, but my brother,
Bound I for the Union's sake.'
Not *I* sent the slave to bondage,
On me let the storm not beat!'
Shrieks the conscience-lashed kidnapper
From his home in Vernon street.

There are signs which well the freeman
May regard and treasure up;
To their lips who brewed the poison
Cometh back the deadly cup;
These have heard the dashing surges
Of Humanity's vast tide,
Seen the avalanche of Freedom
Moving down the mountain side.

But if crime again shall triumph,
If the right of free speech fall,
If Oppression's hand of midnight
Quench the light of Faneuil Hall;
If the cold and gloomy prison
Its dark shadow o'er them throws,
If for them the path of glory
O'er the dungeon threshhold goes;

There shall be for them no darkness,
Angel bands the livelong night
Through barr'd gate and iron portal
Shall bring in their urns of light,
Till the cold wall glows like the crystal,
And, as to the seer of old,
Every gate shall seem a jasper,
And the rocky floor of gold.

I have seen the heavy surges
Beating 'gainst a fortress wall,
For an entrance and the mastery
Vainly struggling, faint and fall;
Seen them in their fierce returning
O'er the ground where once they bent,
Wave on wave their white crests rolling
O'er the topmost battlement.

So, while o'er their hard-earned victories
Hold they hollow triumphing,
Freedom, from her place of ages,
Crouches for another spring!
And while soul-sick and despairing,
Earth's poor ones are sold and bought,
'Gainst the walls of Slavery's Bastile
Beat God's ocean depths of thought!

Not much longer shall the slave mart
Thrive beneath the stripes and stars;
Free speech here shall stand for ever,
Spite of laws and prison bars!
Light shall fill the far horizon,
Where the night of Slavery lowers;
Heaven and earth are leagued for freedom—
Storm or shine—THE DAY IS OURS!

Mr. Bradley, a young coloured man, of Boston, rose to speak against the project of Mr. Foster for a new political party. He had long been a political man, and he claimed the honour of originating the Liberty party! He gave quite a complacent account of his early labours in the cause, and his influence over some of the anti-slavery political leaders of New York. He also alluded to Frederick Douglass, and spoke of him as a prodigal son, who had turned away from his first love, and from the friends that made him all that he is.

Rev. Mr. Hodges, of Watertown (late of Barre), came forward, by the urgent request of friends, without premeditation, to define his position, though a *minister*, as that of an uncompromising Abolitionist. He gave in his adhesion to the principles of the disunion party, and thought these principles the only ones that could save the country. This brief offering he laid upon the altar of the anti-slavery cause, and it might be taken for what it was worth. It was accepted appreciatingly and gratefully.

Wm. Wells Brown said that he should prove to his hearers, this evening, that he possessed one qualification of a good speaker—*brevity.* He stood on that platform to represent both the African and Anglo-Saxon races—his mother being an African, his father an Anglo-Saxon slaveholder. But he stood up *free* by virtue of British liberality, which purchased him from American Despotism. This freedom he used for a half hour, with some general but excellent and stirring remarks upon the subject of slavery, interspersing various exceedingly interesting facts and anecdotes from his European tour, experience and observation.

Mr. May offered the following resolution, the vote upon which he moved should be taken by rising:

13. Resolved, That this Society would render its tribute of respect to the memory of the late John M. Fisk, of West Brookfield—to his early and disinterested choice of the anti-slavery cause, and his steadfast adherence to it in every trial, and notwithstanding the bitter personal animosity of opponents, to his excellent judgment, sound discretion, and resolute firmness in maintaining the justice, moral necessity and essential Christianity of the anti-slavery movement; to the spirit of noble independence which he manifested, in separating himself from a pro-slavery and powerful church, and in openly and unequivocally exposing their guilty connection with slavery; and to the generous friendship and aid which, through a long period of years, he rendered to this Society, its agents and its operations. Although his last years were years of suffering, from disease, yet his testimony to freedom abode firm to the last. Unsympathizing relatives carried his lifeless body, for funeral services, into the church which he renounced in his life-time, and from which every cause dear to his soul had always been shut out, and there a canting priest meanly presumed upon the fact that his lips were closed in death, to beg the people to forgive his many offences and great presumption in opposing the church and creating dissensions in it. But those of us who have known him long and well prize his memory as that of a true and noble spirit, whose life of courage and true devotion to the right is a rich legacy and a high encouragement to all who remain to carry on his labours.

Wendell Phillips then came forward, amid much cheering, and delivered an eloquent speech of which the following is a brief sketch:

Our cause, said Mr. Phillips, has received many a baptism. I do not know one more sacred than the memory of those who have served it faithfully and gone before us. The baptism of the dead, to whose memory fidelity to their principles is the only eulogy that we can pay them! Most of you who sit before me never knew the man to whose worth we have just paid this feeble tribute; but those of us who did, must feel life to have a stronger tie to Truth, to Justice, to Humanity and to God, in the memory that we were once permitted to serve with him. A shining light—a bold hand—a brave heart—a generous spirit—a keen insight into the defects of the institutions about him—a noble devotedness to the poor—a life spent, not wasted, in serving the best interests of his generation! It is the noblest baptism that such a cause as ours can have. And, friends, the narrower the circle becomes, let us draw the closer together—closer in earnestness and perseverance—life-long, unflinching, uncompromising, manly, Christian perseverance. And let us not forget, in the sympathy that fugitive slave cases stir within us—let us not forget the mass, the great, black mass, of the subject itself. We talked to-day and yesterday a great deal about the protection Massachusetts can give to the fugitive slave within her borders; but we have a greater duty than that to perform, before we have begun to pay our debt to the slave. Slavery exists because the nation exists—because the Union exists; Massachusetts is part of it; and will not clean her hand and conscience when she has made it safe for the fugitive slave to dwell in Boston and tell his name. We have got to make it a fact, that every breeze that sweeps from the Carolinas, no longer gathers up the sighs of broken hearts, before we can pretend to have done our duty to the slaves of this land.

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*In the language of Rev. Dr. Breckenridge, in the Kentucky Convention, a few years since, "no woman is the wife of any husband in particular, and no man is the husband of any woman in particular; no child is the child of any parent in particular, and no parent is the parent of any child in particular." To the entire speech of Dr. Breckenridge, the well-known Presbyterian minister of Kentucky, we should specially direct the attention of the Rev. Drs. Lord, Blagden and Adams, if it could be supposed that they are not already perfectly familiar with it, and with the universally recognised facts of the adultery, fornication and lust inseparably connected with the slave system.

Mr. Phillips proceeded, in a speech somewhat over an hour in length, to describe the influence of the Slave Power over the politics and morals of the country—the legitimate and almost inevitable result of the fatal compromises made by the fathers of the Republic—and enforced the necessity of a dissolution of the Union, to secure the freedom of the slave. All history taught that slavery would not have been in existence to-day south of the Potomac, if it had not been for the Union. The Union saved it. Had those States remained colonies, Wilberforce and Clarkson, and George Thompson and the Abolitionists of 1834 would have saved us the trouble of abolishing slavery, for they would have abolished it. If South Carolina had carried out her threat of joining the British, her slavery would have gone down when the Anti-Slavery party triumphed in London; and if she had not joined the British, but remained a separate colony, slavery would have been abolished, as in Mexico and South America, from the nature of things. It was a self-evident truth, almost, on the pages of history, that the formation of this Union preserved slavery; it was the only thing that could have saved it. Where was the State that had made one single step toward the abolition of slavery since the Union? New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania—all the great States—had commenced their movement toward emancipation as early as 1780—some as early as 1776. They had gone on, but no State that had not made her commencement before 1787 had ever abolished slavery. Was not that a prominent fact? One single atom has been added to the chemical compound, and the whole action of the body changes; had they not a right to infer that that atom, which was added at that specific moment, had influenced the decision of the question?

Mr. Phillips then alluded to the position taken by Mr. Sumner and other Free Soilers, that our fathers were too good ever to have framed a wicked Constitution. Admitting that theory to be correct, for a moment, what had been the result? The first Chief Justice of the United States was John Jay—a man who set the example to the State of New York by emancipating his own slaves—a man who might be considered almost the first Abolitionist among the statesmen of America. The first Chancellor of Virginia was Wythe—a man whom his heirs poisoned, in order to prevent him from making a will emancipating his slaves. The first Democratic President was a man who left it on record that when the slaves rose against their masters, there would not be an attribute of the Almighty to take the side of the oppressor! Could they elect a man to be President of the United States to-day who should say that? Nominate whoever they pleased—from Maine to Georgia, from the Ocean back to Kansas—let him be as unknown as Franklin Pierce was before his nomination—and let him (Mr. Phillips) be able to stereotype, through the thirty States, the fact that somewhere, in a village school-house perhaps, he had uttered that sentiment of Jefferson, and how great would be his chances?

The eloquent speaker illustrated this point at some length, and said—"Now, we are going to start again; we are going to launch our ship for a new voyage. Ninety men out of a hundred allow that the Constitution is pro-slavery; every great statesman in the country admits there are pro-slavery clauses there; you will allow that we have got a pro-slavery people behind it; you will allow that the masses in the pulpit, in the editors' chairs, the masses in the political parties, the wealth of the country, the great men who make up what are called its leaders—all these are on the side of slavery, at the present moment; the Constitution is allowedly bad, and yet you say there is a bright anti-slavery future before us! We had a *good* Constitution, and a *good* people, and we went to wreck; we have got a *bad* Constitution and a *devilish* people, and we shall succeed! Is there any logic in that? Patrick Henry said—'There is but one light by which my feet are guided, and that is the light of experience.' By that light the Abolitionist walks, in seeking the dissolution of the American Union."

Mr. Phillips said, in relation to the proposition to organize a new party to make Massachusetts a free State, that they should stereotype the enthusiasm of the people into statutes, make public sympathy recognised as the law of Massachusetts, and swear every public officer of the State to stand by it. He wanted the laws and organizations on his side; he did not want that sympathy only, which might die out to-morrow. He wanted the same protection thrown round the fugitive slave that was afforded to the person and property of Abbott Lawrence—a protection that would follow the trespasser to the ends of the earth (loud cheers). He wanted a judiciary that should know that their first duty—if not their whole duty—was to protect every living man that walks on the soil of Massachusetts (renewed cheers).

One great advantage of the disunion position was that it required no explanation. The man that held office under a Government like ours, the man that swore the same oath that Franklin Pierce does and Benjamin Hallett, could not be considered an Abolitionist, unless he explains himself. A man is judged by the company he keeps, and such a man had got to go through his daily routine with a perpetual "but" in his mouth. "I swear to support the Constitution—*but*." His outside is a lie; God grant the inside be true! He (Mr. P.) had a friend who attended the Peace Congress in Paris some years ago. He was a South Carolinian by birth, but had resided in New England, and had become an Abolitionist. One day, while in Paris, another South Carolinian approached him, and said he—"Mr. So-and-So, we must have one of these World's Conventions to further the patriarchal institution—to get the moral sense of the world on its side." His friend did not know how he could tell him, emphatically enough, that he was an Abolitionist, and to send him at a tangent to the other end of the moral world. He did not wish to say simply "I am an Abolitionist"—that was not emphatic enough; so he said—"Perhaps you don't know me. I was born in Charleston, South Carolina, it is true; but I board with Garrison, and I am engaged to be married to Frederick Douglass's sister!" (Loud laughter and applause.) That did n't need any explanation; the man never came to see him afterwards. This was a literal lie, but it had the essence of an emphatic truth in it; as Amelia Opie might say, it did not have the intention to deceive. It told the whole truth. That was just what the disunion doctrine does. If a man asked them what they thought of the Constitution, let them reply—"It is a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," he would put on his hat and be off. He would understand them at once; and would not trouble them with questions about the Free Soil party, or the Liberty party, or any other party. They had got through the catechism.

This notion of dissolution (said Mr. Phillips) is not a bugbear. It will come in due time. If I do not see it myself, I know there will be somebody that will go at last to the grave of Garrison (if it come not while he yet lives), and acknowledge that he was right. I hope that God will grant that, when the first gun sounds that proclaims Massachusetts a sovereign State, Garrison's living ear will echo it, and he will be able to say—"*Jubilee! Praised be God!*" (Great applause.)

The resolution offered by S. S. Foster was, on motion of Wendell Phillips, laid upon the table.

The other resolutions, not already passed upon, were then adopted by a unanimous vote, and the Society adjourned, *sine die*.

☞The total cash collections, by the Finance Committee, were $431.

FRANCIS JACKSON, President.

William H. Fish, Samuel May, Jr., } Assistant Seretaries.

☞ The confidence which the writer of the following letter places in our honour to give him a hearing deserves not to be disappointed. The appeal is, to our mind, even rather pathetic; for if his study of the discussion between Mann and Phillips has led him into this happy ignorance of the subject of that discussion, Mr. Pixley should certainly not be denied the privilege of an expression of his entire satisfaction at such a result. It is a striking proof of the truth of the poet's assertion of the folly of wisdom when ignorance is bliss; and is not a happy man always a sight pleasant to look upon?

If we at all apprehended the point at issue between Messrs. Mann and Phillips, and if we at all know what we have been fighting for, for the last dozen years, it is not whether Civil Government is right or wrong—whether the "powers that be are ordained of God" or of the Devil; but whether, if the Constitution of the United States be pro-slavery, an anti-slavery man, who does not mean to obey it, can honestly swear that he will. What Mr. Garrison may think of Civil Government has no more to do with this question than his opinion on the properties of the hypothenuse has with the question of the Immaculate Conception. However, friend Pixley seems to think differently, and we give him the floor for his lucid exposition.

ANTI-VOTING AN ANTI-PROGRESSIVE SYSTEM.

Unionville, Jan. 14, 1855.

The non-voters of the American Anti-Slavery Society claim that they refuse to vote to preserve their self-respect, purity of character, private integrity and personal honour. When self-respect, purity of character, private integrity and personal honour take such a turn in the minds of the Abolitionists as to destroy the object they are labouring to sustain, it is time that their position is searched as with lighted candles, to bring to light its inconsistency. As national reform and national progress depend on elevating good men to office, consequently the more converts are made to the non-voting corps, the less chance to elect good men to office. The non-voting advocates say, and seem to think, that they shall loose their self-respect and purity of character to vote with sinners. Why did they not throw in a petition to be excused from taking a place among the inhabitants of the earth for fear of contamination?

In party or sectarian movements, men have a right and do choose their associates. But in a national concern, to sustain a civil government, to obtain and secure rights and to repel oppression and tyranny, our associates are necessarily those whom we did not choose, and it does not come within the range of choice to select or reject. Anti-voters may amuse themselves by harping upon moral suasion as the grand means of loosening the bondman's chains; but, for the want of national expression, it can produce no national result. If nine out of ten were anti-voters, the tenth would dictate all national concerns, for good or evil. What avail would ten thousand non-voters be to express the will of squatter sovereignty in Kansas?

Perhaps Garrison will say I don't believe in civil government that has a penal code to enforce its claims. Let us look once at the origin of civil government, or force power, and see whether it claims our patronage or rejection.

I lay it down as a fundamental idea that association is necessary to individual comfort, responsible existence, the progress of civilization and the arts and sciences. The starting point of the whole arises from the fact that we have wants in common which cannot be supplied from our own resources—wants which can be met only by associated energies; and the larger the association, the more completely can those wants be met. Those beings whom nature supplies with food and clothing have no need of associated energies to retain existence or to promote individual comfort, and, therefore, have no starting point to commence a responsible existence on which to base a curse or a blessing.

It is a fact incontrovertible, that is, I think so, that civilization, the arts and sciences, depend on commerce, and commerce depends on a circulating medium and a safe and speedy transmission of news, and these need an association capable of using force power, if need be, to carry out its plans—to determine on the value of this circulating medium, and to throw safeguards around business transactions, that the rights of the enterprising may be secured. Such an association we call civil government; and the more extensive, the more prosperous the community. I presume that Mrs. Stowe and H. C. Wright have availed themselves of this association to secure a copyright.

When Abolitionists say that they will have no fellowship with slaveholders, in Church or State, they seem to imply that they can reject the one as easily as the other, which is not the fact. Creeds are not confined to certain localities with chain and compass. Empires, States and Teritories are. Therefore, a person may adopt a creed that best agrees with his idea of the excellent; but, on the other hand, while living in certain localities, he must partake of the good or evil of those localities, independent of his choice. If slaveholders reside in those localities, then he is a citizen with them, whether he will or no; and, so far as a unit counts, he is responsible for existing laws.

Intellectual progress and improved plans of operation are not exactly self-moving principles, but receive their origin from apparent wants made manifest by association and commercial intercourse; hence the necessity of a safe and speedy way of transmitting news; hence aspiration after learning, to compete with the best in obtaining place and consequence; hence schools, institutions of learning of all the different grades, printing establishments and all its accompaniments to advance mind to its highest development; hence, also, the arts producing labour-saving machines, steam engines and telegraph wires capable of carrying news with lightning-speed to the four quarters of the earth. All these are the results of a civil government, or associated energies, throwing inducements to individual action. Who among the non-voters that claim that they will have no fellowship with a slaveholding government, for fear that it will tarnish their characters, that will not avail themselves of the advantages of this association as much as any other class of men. Garrison makes use of his printing press, which is the product of a civil government; and if he goes to market after a barrel of flour, he likes to see the inspector's name on it. Wendell Phillips, when debating with Horace Mann or others, can show his acquaintance with history and science, which is only the product of a civil government. 'E. Q.' will go to the Detector to learn the value of the currency. S. S. Foster will ride in the railroad car to fulfil his appointment. Parker Pillsbury will use the post-office as free as a Southern planter.

If these non-voters and anti-civil-goverment men mean to be consistent and wash themselves clean from all social connections with sinners, let them touch not, taste not and handle not any of the productions of a civil government. But if they are unable to do this, let them cease slandering those who, both by moral suasion and by voting, are trying to make the Government as good as they can.

The silence of the anti-voters will be considered an admission of the truthfulness of the foregoing arguments. P. Pixley.

P. S. I was once more than half-inclined to believe and practice upon the non-voting system; but the discussion between Phillips and Mann induced me to investigate the subject, and the above article is the result; and now I hope that the *Standard* and *Liberator* will be honourable enough to let it have a place in their columns.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

Philadelphia, Jan. 28, 1854.

There have been some incidents, in this city, during the past week, of more than usual interest to the anti-slavery public. Some of them, indeed, are so fraught with all the romance of poetry, and all the stern reality of life, that they would form ample and rich material for a most pathetic and heroic story.

Peter Still, well known to your readers, as the patient, hopeful, unwearied husband and father, who, for the last two years, has been traversing the Northern States, soliciting contributions to a fund which was to enable him to redeem from slavery his wife and children, is now in our city. Last evening, a public meeting was held, at Franklin Hall, to give him an opportunity to tell his thrilling story, and to introduce his newly-recovered family to those who, having sympathized with him in his sorrow, would wish to congratulate him in his joy. It was a rare occasion; one which appealed to the deepest, tenderest sympathies of human nature; and, in the city of Brotherly Love, one might suppose that neither church nor hall would be found large enough to receive the rushing crowds who would hasten to welcome this happy band, rescued from the accursed doom of slavery. But these are not the events which stir the hearts of Philadelphians, and it was a small audience to which the happy husband and father told his simple, yet wonderful, story.

Peter Still was introduced to the audience by Mr. McKim, who drew the outlines of his story, in few words, from his kidnapping, in childhood, up to his deliverance from slavery by the purchase of himself, from a kind and considerate master, for the sum of five hundred dollars. Mr. McKim also stated some facts respecting the efforts made for the rescue of Peter's family, by that heroic martyr, now unknown to fame, but destined to be honoured by posterity, Seth Conklin,* whose efforts, as you know, were unavailing (save that they proved a martyr's strength, and won a martyr's crown, for him who sought to be their unrecompensed deliverer); the recaptured slaves were dragged back to the tortures of slavery, and the manacled and murdered Conklin was found beneath the waters of the Ohio river. The dismay and despair of the eager and expectant husband and father, when the news of this terrible catastrophe followed quickly the intelligence that the feet of his beloved ones had touched the shores of freedom, and were hastening to his presence, your readers who have the heart and the imagination to depict may do so. Then commenced his patient, persevering labour of love, which resulted in the deliverance of his family, by purchase.

This outline of facts having been presented to the audience, by Mr. McKim, Peter Still rose, and told many touching particulars of his story, in an artless manner, which deeply moved the hearts of many who listened. The point of the story which seemed most interesting to himself was that of his actual possession of his wife and children, and the tones of his voice, and the expression of his face, as he turned from the audience to them, and from them to the audience, repeating his assurance that they were all there, that he had them all at last, could not fail to awaken a response in the coldest heart. His wife, a middle-aged woman, his two stout, robust-looking sons, and his daughter, a girl of seventeen years, occupied seats on the platform, facing the audience. For these, his household treasures, he had paid the sum of five thousand dollars; for which transaction, Peter assured us, their master, a hardened man, would have to account, and not himself.

It was from the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, on the banks of the Delaware river, that Peter and his young brother were "kidnapped" in their early childhood. Forty years afterward, when Peter obtained his liberty, his first resolution was to go to the North, to seek for his relatives, respecting whom he had a vivid recollection of his mother, and a dim remembrance of a little sister. His family name he had quite forgotten. On this apparently hopeless errand he came to Philadelphia, and one of the first persons with whom he conversed proved to be his own brother! His aged mother was alive to welcome him, but it was difficult to persuade either mother or son of the other's identity, for they thought the tidings too good to be true.

These wonderful events, and many others such as these, now being enacted before the American people, will, one day, be justly appreciated. Now, deemed unworthy the notice of any, save fanatical Abolitionists, these acts of sublime heroism, of lofty self-sacrifice, of patient martyrdom, these beautiful Providences, these hair-breadth escapes and terrible dangers, will yet become the themes of the popular literature of this nation, and will excite the admiration, the reverence and the indignation of the generations yet to come, who will award slavery to its just doom.

Our citizens have had the pleasure of listening again to the singing of the Black Swan. On Friday evening of last week, she gave a concert for the benefit of a fund intended for the purchase of a family of slaves in North Carolina. It is the fund which was collected, principally, by the indefatigable labours of Esther Moore, of this city, which was, after her sudden death, left incomplete. Miss Greenfield's singing is truly wonderful. She wants only a white skin in order to make a great sensation in the musical world.

*Heretofore known as John Miller.

Philadelphia, Jan. 30, 1855.

Dear Editors: Since I wrote to you last, we have had a little agitation among the "*isms*," though I am not aware that conservat*ism*, orthodoxy, or even Know-Nothing-*ism*, exhibited any very violent repugnance at the manifestations of progressive liberty at Spring Garden Hall and Institute when Cassius M. Clay lectured—at the *latter* on the "Elements of Beauty," and at the former on American Slavery, week before last. His audience at the Institute was too great for the capacity of the building, and all were pleased with his treatment of the subject selected for his discourse, so far as I could discover, yet all seemed to regret that he had not chosen some more soul-stirring theme calculated to rouse and thrill his audience. They knew the manner of man before them, and wished to see him put forth his strength and shake the pillars of the temple of Dagon; and even on the following night, at the Hall, they felt as if the breeze was scarcely strong enough to disperse the mephitic gas of sect and party, the presence of which is frequently unsuspected and its existence doubted until the lighted candle or torch of reform is introduced within the circle of its influence, when forthwith we behold the flame flickering faintly and dying out unless it be of sufficient power to dispel the foul and paralyzing acid. Nevertheless, the effect was good; it had an awakening influence; and when Miss Antoinette Brown followed, on the evening of the 23d, at the Institute, she was greeted with a "house" so overflowing that another might have been filled from the surplusage. The Lecture upon "the *Old* and the *New*" was such as might be expected, from her known ability, and was listened to with much interest by the crowded audience, numbers of whom, for lack of sitting space, stood in the aisles from an early hour in the evening until the close of the lecture, much to the annoyance of those behind them who wished to see the *fair* speaker, but were prevented by those who were "making seats of the soles of their shoes." One or two feeble attempts to *hiss* at the utterance of some of her sentiments were so promptly discountenanced that the poor perpetrators shrunk away abashed.

Miss Greenfield (you see I am not fond of bestowing titles, and, therefore, call the lecturer and songster by no other distinctive appellation or soubriquet) gave her second concert here without arousing the ire of *colour-phobia*. The editors and reporters were in several cases more than civil—they were *complimentary*—without suffering an attack of musical delirium and falling into spasms of delight, as is so frequently the case, when some distinguished foreign "artist" so fatally enchants their senses (?), as to lead to the suspicion that some of them are nearly related to the animal which spoke to Balaam.

It is to be hoped that the object of her concert may be accomplished, and the glorious boon of liberty be restored to those ten human beings now in the condition of chattelism; not by reason of the selfishness of him who calls himself their "owner," but in consequence of his necessities and the cruel laws by which both he and they are surrounded.

Happening in a law office in this city, a few days ago, a poor coloured woman called to inquire of her attorney respecting certain property which she claimed on the "eastern shore" of Maryland, by devise of her father. A letter was read to her from a county official where the property lies, confirmatory of her claim, but stating that, as her rights were contested, it would be necessary for some person to appear in her behalf, to establish them—"but," said the letter, "do not let *her* come; for when she came here before in reference to this business, she was *imprisoned!* for coming into the State contrary to the law, and had to pay a fine to procure her liberty; and if she should come again, she will, for the repetition of the offence, be sold into slavery"!! Is not this a beautiful feature in the jurisprudence of our "sister republic," whose representatives were entertained, two years ago, at Harrisburg, as guests of our State, and at a cost of some five thousand dollars, for a grand *spree* with our immaculate Legislature, when any number of complimentary toasts were *drunk?* Verily a State with such laws deserves to be complimented! The "letter" further stated that, "as *legal* marriages are of rare occurrence among the coloured people, it will be necessary to establish the fact of the marriage of her father and mother, in order to secure the bequest, as all coloured people are presumed to be *illegitimate*, until proven to have been born in lawful wedlock." Oh, glorious land of schools, churches and missions look at this picture! Here is a poor destitute woman who dare not return to the place of her nativity, to establish her right to the small property devised to her by a dying parent, lest she should be sold into slavery, by the chivalry who administer the law in Maryland, because she is black! Is not chattel slavery an ennobling institution, and calculated to elevate the national character at home and abroad? But I do not despair of seeing even Maryland free and prosperous yet, dark as her deeds have been, and foul as her laws still are—indeed, I have frequently thought that a very moderate amount of exertion, backed by some capital, could very easily drive slavery from the peninsula between the "two bays"—and the "western shore" would not be long in coming up to the standard of manhood, if the "eastern shore" should lead off. Delaware does not require more than two or three hundred families of the progressive anti-slavery stamp to secure her to freedom and to give liberty to her slaves; and these could find land even now so low as to warrant an interest of at least ten per cent. per annum upon the required outlay in securing homesteads.

Let those who think the distance too great to Kansas or Nebraska be encouraged to form colonies on the "peninsula," where they will find a soil highly susceptible of improvement, which will reward any judicious expenditure incurred in its fertilization; proximity to good markets being of next importance to a fertile soil, and thus placing them in a condition to compete with the cultivator of the far-famed prairies of the West. Already the tide of emigration from the free States into Delaware has alarmed the sapient and patriotic editor of the Dover *Reporter*, and he has sounded the tocsin of alarm, and summoned the chivalry to the rescue, to prevent the State from falling into the hands of the Abolitionists! Most fearful catastrophe! and to be guarded against at any expenditure of patriotic furor, by such noble spirits as the editor of the *Reporter!*

But the call comes too late—the day of the Claytons and Bayards is passing away, and better men will ere long succeed to their places, which will know the slaveholder no more forever. Little Delaware *can* and *must* be speedily released from the thraldom of that enemy of progress which has so long retarded her prosperity—but New York should first be cleared of slave-trading pirates! Nemo.

The London Conference.—In another column of this week's Standard will be found a copy of a letter to the editor of the (London) *Anti-Slavery Advocate*, and the speech of George Thompson at the recent London Anti-Slavery Conference, as published in his paper, the *Empire*, of Jan. 13th. We received by the last steamer the following note from Mr. Chesson, and to the request made in it we, of course, cheerfully accede:

"To the Editors National Anti-Slavery Standard:

"As, no doubt, in the discharge of your duty, you will re-publish the articles on the London Conference contained in the current number of the *Anti-Slavery Advocate*, I beg to request that you will, also, insert in your columns the enclosed letter, which I have felt it my duty to address to the Editor of that periodical.

"I send you proof-slips, as I am anxious to forward the letter by the mail which leaves Liverpool to-morrow.

Faithfully yours,

"F. W. Chesson.

"145 Fleet street, London, 12th January, 1855.

"P. S.—May I, on Mr. Thompson's behalf, likewise, request you kindly to re-publish his speech delivered at the late Conference, as contained in to-day's '*Empire*.'"

Thank God for free speech! It is not a small thing that Abolitionists, in contending for that right, for all the world, have secured it for themselves to a degree hardly known, or at least but rarely practised, among other people. The best and wisest way always to settle a difference is to talk about it freely; and when that is done in the right spirit, the difference is not likely to end in a difficulty. In the case before us, the difference between our friends abroad is, we sincerely trust, one merely of judgment, and that a candid and free discussion of it, if it does not lead to an immediate agreement as to which was the most expedient course under the now known circumstances of the case at the London Conference, certainly will not end in any alienation between such old and tried friends of the cause, who have so long stood shoulder to shoulder, and who, in so many emergencies, have seen with the same eyes, and acted as with one mind. So far as we can at present see into the matter, our conviction is strong that there is some misunderstanding of facts, and misinterpretation of language, which a free interchange of opinion will explain away, and will speedily bring the discussion to an amicable conclusion.

LETTER FROM A LECTURER.

To the Editors of the Standard:

I commenced holding a series of meetings in Wayne County, on Thursday evening, December 28th, at Macedon Locks.

This meeting was held in a hall that is generally used for lectures, concerts, and the like; but, in consequence of another meeting, held at the same time, in the Baptist church, which was said to have been manufactured for the occasion, after the anti-slavery meeting was announced, and also it being a stormy evening, but few were in attendance at our meeting.

In times past, I am informed that, in this place there has been considerable interest manifested in the anti-slavery cause; but, more recently, many have fallen by the way-side, and are to be numbered among the victims who have been duped and "be-Whigged" by Myron H. Clark, and the slave-hunting crew to which he belongs.

Behold the murderous and cold-blooded doctrine of the Governor's Message, in regard to the Christian claims of nearly four millions of human beings who are to-day held as slaves, in this slaveholding Confederacy! "We have no wish (!!!) *nor do we claim the right to interfere with slavery in the States!*" Yet, men claiming to be Abolitionists, *par excellence*, go up to the ballot-box, and, through their blood-stained ballots, express a willingness and a desire that he, who utters the above bold denial of the obligations that all are under, to "deliver him that is spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor," "to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free," and to "remember those in bonds as bound with them," shall become *their agent* in administering the affairs of the State, and to aid, if need be, in the return of fugitive slaves by its military forces!

When will the people of this country learn to beware of the lying and hypocritical pretences of the Whig party?

In Macedon, the down-trodden slave and those who are earnestly pleading in his behalf have kind and warm-hearted friends in the family of Elias J. Doty. I enjoyed very much their kindness and hospitality, and am indebted to them for their efforts to render my labours there effectual.

On Friday evening, the 29th, I held a meeting in Academy Hall, at Macedon Centre. The meeting, though not large, was a pleasant and satisfactory one.

The Methodists of this place, in times past, have offered not a little opposition to the Abolitionists, especially to the labours of Abby K. Foster; and, on one occasion, G. B. Stebbins met with considerable opposition at their hands.

But those days seem to have passed by. A Methodist brother said to a friend of mine, after the meeting, that he believed my remarks were too true in regard to the connection of their Church with the accursed slave system; particularly as there were two Methodist preachers in the meeting, neither of whom had anything to say, after being earnestly invited to give a free expression of their views, and, if there was a difference of opinion, to state the difference *there*, instead of going out, to afterwards find fault and complain.

Joseph M. Howland, an elder in the Society of Friends, very cordially coöperated with me at this place, and he so far repudiates the *modern* doctrine of the Society to which he belongs—*that of "keeping in the quiet"*—as to contribute, to the extent of his ability, to the loudly called-for "*agitation*" in behalf of the glorious and righteous cause of human liberty.

I held two very good meetings at West Walworth, in the Baptist Church, the first on Sunday evening, Dec. 31st, and the second on Monday evening, Jan. 1st.

The church was well filled by an attentive audience on Sunday evening.

The Baptists took exception to my remarks with reference to the position occupied by their Church towards the "sum of all villanies"; and, as we were informed that the church could not be had for a meeting the next evening, it was announced that a second meeting would be held, the following evening, in the school-room in the village.

At a Sunday-School celebration, held in the village, on Monday, it was, however, agreed upon, by the Baptist clergyman and his brethren, that I should again occupy the church in the evening, and they gave notice accordingly, adding that, as I had invited free discussion, *opposition* might be expected, which, of course, brought a full house.

I took up for consideration at this meeting the principles and measures of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in comparison with the position and action of the Ecclesiastical and Political Parties of this country, towards the outraged and plundered slave; and also referred to the malignant and mad-dog cry of Infidelity that rabid sectarians, Frederick Douglass, and our enemies everywhere, are so vigilant and untiring in heralding against us, that thereby they may prevent our having the confidence and coöperation of many kind-hearted and well-disposed people who are ignorant of the *true* character of our aims and purposes, as Abolitionists.

At the conclusion of my discourse, the Baptist minister, Rev. E. F. Maine, spoke in reply, talking for a long time, in accordance, as I was told, with a previous understanding between his brethren and himself, to prevent my having an opportunity to answer him; also speaking quite at random; saying, at one moment, that the Baptists of the North have no connection with slavery, and, with the next breath, that it is *impracticable* for them not to maintain, to some extent, missionary and other associations and relations with slaveholders—at one moment glorifying the example and doctrines of Christ, and at the next counselling bloody resistance to oppressors—now extolling the high mission and the efficiency of the Church of Christ to overcome the evils and iniquities of the world; then proclaiming, that in regard to slavery, moral suasion has done it work, has been tried and found wanting, and that now our only hope is at the ballot-box and in the "strong arm of the law"—that bad and wicked as he acknowledged is the United States Constitution, it must still be subscribed to, before God, by the officers and sustained by the people of this country—and that disastrous as are the consequences of slavery, they are not as much so as would be the case in the event of the people of the North refusing longer to occupy the position of a body-guard of slave-owners, by proclaiming a dissolution of the American Union, &c., &c., together with not a little base vituperation and personal slang.

I noted down the principal points in his argument, if such it might be called, and, at a late hour, there being a willingness and a desire on the part of most of the audience to hear the matter through, proceeded to answer him.

So antagonistic and irreconcilable were many of his positions and doctrines with the plainest principles of truth, that little effort was required in their refutation, as their absurdity was apparent on the face of them.

At about the middle of my review of his remarks, he became very uneasy and desired to make corrections, &c., and I gave way for him to explain, when he talked again for something over half an hour, and, at the conclusion, put on his hat and was leaving the church without waiting to hear me through.

I applied to him the saying, "the wicked flee when no man pursueth," and that he must be a moral coward who would leave at such a stage of a discussion, which had the desired effect to bring him back to his seat, after which, commencing where I had left off, when interrupted, I followed him through to the "jumping-off place," where he was apparently willing to quietly quit the field, and our meeting adjourned a few minutes before the hour of midnight.

The above Baptist Reverend has heretofore gained some notoriety as an opponent of Abolitionists, and his last notable effort in that direction, previous to my coming in contact with him, was put forth, I believe, about three years since, on the occasion of a visit to that town by Abby K. Foster, when he acted in the capacity, it is said, of a *Chief* of the wire-pullers, in getting up a mob to disturb and break up Mrs. Foster's meetings, by throwing rotten eggs, breaking the windows, &c.

I trust that our meetings, together with a pretty general circulation of Anti-Slavery Tracts, will do a good work for the cause in that community.

There is a noble band of earnest and uncompromising friends of humanity at West Walworth, whose influence is felt to a considerable extent, not only in their own, but also in the adjoining towns.

At Walworth Corners, I had meetings on Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 2d and 3d. The meetings were held in the Presbyterian church, and were but moderately attended, as the Methodists, who have the controlling religious influence in the place, had just entered upon the "holy season" of a "protracted meeting," and, of course, under such circumstances, had no sympathy for a movement the object of which is to "undo the heavy burdens, to break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free."

There a few true-hearted and uncompromising friends of the anti-slavery cause in this section, who were brought out by the labours of Stephen S. and Abby K. Foster, a few years ago, and who have remained firm and true against all opposition.

At this place, I enjoyed the coöperation and hospitality of Mr. H. S. Simmons, and his kind and interesting family, all of whom are devotedly interested in the cause of the slave.

I had two meetings at Williamson, one very good meeting in the village of Pultneyville, another in the same town a few miles distant, and an excellent meeting at Ontario, Wayne Co.

Elder James Gregg, a Christian Union minister, of Williamson, attended several of these meetings with me, and was active in making the necessary arrangements for the same, and, at Williamson, came out himself, for the first time, I believe, unqualifiedly upon the *Disunion* platform.

While at Williamson, I was at home, in the family of that noble and uncompromising friend of the slave and of human progress, Griffith M. Cooper.

I have distributed copies of the Anti-Slavery Tracts at each of these meetings; and the more experience I have in giving them a circulation among the people, the more I am convinced of the great good they are destined to accomplish, and that the friends of the slave can in no better way serve our cause than to contribute liberally to the "tract fund," and thereby enable the good work to go on.

Yours for oppressed humanity,

A. M. Powell.

South Bristol, New York.

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES.

Hon. Charles Francis Adams delivered the Tenth Lecture of the New York Anti-Slavery Course, at the Tabernacle, on Tuesday evening, to a numerous audience. We have not sufficient room for a report this week. His main points were two, viz.: 1. What makes Slavery a question of National concern? 2. How should Slavery be treated by the Free States? Upon each of these questions he gave his views with a directness and force that commanded at once the attention and the respect of his auditors. Disagreeing, in some respects, with those who are called Abolitionists, he spoke of them and their labours in heartily eulogistic terms. The latter portion of his discourse was devoted to the consideration of the Know-Nothing movement, to which he expressed an earnest opposition, both on the score of principle and policy. We hope his remarks on this subject will be committed to the press.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is the next lecturer.

Light Wanted.—We have received the following letter from the Rev. C. W. Gardner, of Newport, R. I. So remarkable a disagreement between the chairman of the meeting and the reporter of a lecture, as to the statement of the lecturer, indicates a singular want of attention on one side, or a more singular desire to misrepresent on the other. However, we publish Mr. Gardner's letter, promising the reporter a hearing if he has anything to say for himself in motion of arrest of judgment:

"Dear Mr. Editor: I deem it my duty to sustain the truth at all times. I see by the *Standard*, of 13th inst., that Dr. Pennington, in his lecture in Newport, R. I., made some allusions to the Abolitionists called infidels. I was chosen Chairman for the evening, and introduced the Doctor to the congregation. I sat on the stand with him. I heard no such allusions made; neither can I find a person that was there that did, although I have made inquiries of many who were there. I think that the writer has misrepresented the lecturer. Had I heard any such allusions, I should certainly have spoken to the Doctor about it, as it is not called for here, and ever offensive to me when made. C. W. Gardner.

"Newport, R. I., Jan. 24, 1855.

"P. S.—I should have denied it sooner, only the *Standard* did not reach me till this week."

Hon. Henry Wilson was chosen, on Tuesday last, by the Senate of Massachusetts, to fill the vacancy in the U. S. Senate created by the resignation of Hon. Edward Everett. Having been previously chosen on the part of the House, he has thus made his election sure. Of all the men who had any sort of chance of securing the place, he was by far the best. We believe he will be as true to freedom as any man that supports the United States Constitution could be.

Annual Meeting.—Our Philadelphia readers will please notice the advertisement of the Annual Meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, to be found in another column.

Summary.

The gang of forty-nine negroes sold at auction yesterday, by Thomas M. Hume, brought an average of $409 all around.—*Charleston Mercury, 24th ult.*

The Crystal Palace.—Parties from New York are endeavouring to persuade Congress to buy the Crystal Palace, and remove the same to Washington.

Tardy Justice.—The Washington correspondent of the *Pennsylvanian* says: "You may put it down as a fixed fact, that the French Spoliation bill will pass both houses of Congress before adjournment; I may add, by way of prediction, that, in case of its passage, it will not be vetoed by the President."

The Calico Party.—A party of a novel character was given by Mrs. Cowen, a wealthy lady of this city, a few days since. All the lady guests appeared in calico dresses, which were sent the next day to Mr. Pease, of the Five Points House of Industry, as an offering to the poor. Many of the gentlemen were also dressed in new but plain garments, which were disposed of in the same way. Between three and four hundred sets of clothing, valued at $1,500, were thus provided for those who were in need.

Marriage Enterprise.—Miss Sarah Pellett, who has been officiating in San Francisco and neighbourhood, has in contemplation the project of the importation of five thousand respectable marriageable girls from New England into California. They are to be recommended by the Sons of Temperance there, and to be consigned to the various divisions of the Sons of Temperance in that State, who are to receive them and provide for their wants—husbands included—we suppose.

Execution of Negroes.—Two negroes were executed yesterday—one for the murder of his wife, and the other for attempting to kill his master and mistress, and severely wounding them with a knife. One of the prisoners died at once and easily; owing to some defect in arrangements, the neck of the other was not dislocated—the knot of the rope, catching under his chin, did not slip. His arms not being sufficiently pinioned, he was enabled to reach the rope with his hands, holding himself up, and yelling vociferously. It required some short time to disengage him. About a thousand persons attended the revolting spectacle.—*Montgomery Jour. Jan. 20.*

Sherman M. Booth, of Milwaukee, has gone to prison, under sentence for aiding the escape of an alleged fugitive slave, but does not seem much disheartened by his position. He says:

"Well! We are in jail for the second time, on the charge of aiding a human being to escape from bondage! And now, that we can say it without having our motives impugned, we pledge ourself to aid openly every fugitive to escape that we have an opportunity to aid! And this Fugitive Act, which has developed the iniquity of Federal Judges and officers, we pledge ourself to oppose while we live, till it is repealed."

No man (says the *Tribune*), not a slave himself, but will honour the humanity and bravery of this man convicted for obeying the higher law.

"Forasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my disciples, ye have done it unto Me."

A Fugitive Slave.—Mr. N. A. Matheas, whose regard for that portion of the race "guilty of a skin not coloured like our own" is well known, on Thursday evening, introduced to several of our citizens a fugitive slave from Alexandria, Virginia, and solicited small contributions in his behalf, to help him on his way to a land of freedom. He appeared to be about 20 years of age, and gave as a reason for running away that his master intended selling him to a Florida planter. A son of his master, of about his own age, furnished him with money to pay his fare to New York, and he walked from Portland to this city. In reply to an inquiry, he estimated his value in Virginia at $900. He left yesterday morning, by the underground railroad, for the Province of New Brunswick.—*Bangor Jour., 6th.*

New Liquor Law in Maine.—A new liquor bill has been laid before the Special Temperance Committee of the Maine Legislature, by Neal Dow, and it is supposed will be adopted. It provides for a fine of $50 and costs on the first conviction for selling liquor, with four months in jail; a second conviction, six months, with $50 fine; third conviction, $100 fine and one year in the State prison. Persons intoxicated are obliged to disclose where they obtained their liquor, under the penalty of going to the House of Correction. No action is to lie against any officer for seizing and destroying liquors where the warrant is issued from a competent court. Express men, railroad and steamboat companies who convey liquor, except according to law, are to be fined for the two first offences, and imprisoned one month in jail on the third.—*New Bedford Standard, Jan. 24.*

Underground Railroad.—A correspondent of *Fred. Douglass's Paper*, writing from Cleveland, under date of January, says:

The Quarterly Report of the business done over the Underground Railroad, from Cleveland, O., for the past eight months, has been such as to increase the confidence of all parties connected therewith.

Number of passengers passed over the road for Canada,	275
Receipts of the Road from all sources,	$497 35
Cash on hand,	11 97

The condition of the Road is excellent. From the 9th of May to the 31st of December, 1854, the Committee of Nine have paid to the Treasurer the sum of $118 67. The reader may ask what the ladies have to do who belong to this Committee? We will answer by their works:

Mrs. C. E. G.,	paid	$29 00
Mrs. J. A. T.,	"	14 86
Mrs. A. M. K.,	"	9 00
Mrs. H. A. D.,	"	2 00

Charge of Negro-Stealing.—Yesterday morning personally appeared Edward M. Pendergast before Justices Hart and Russell, and made affidavit that one Daniel Lemmon, as he calls himself, had offered to sell to him (Pendergast) a slave named Sam, alias John, said to belong to the estate of Samuel Gourdine, of St. Stephen's Parish, South Carolina; that he offered him first for $700, then $600, and finally for $500—promising to give a warrantee title. Mr. Pendergast's suspicions being aroused, he arrested Lemmon on the spot, when the prisoner confessed that he brought the negro off on the 18th inst., taking the Charleston boat, Saturday morning, for this city. His object was to raise money. Upon examination of the case, the court ordered the prisoner to be committed to jail, where he awaits the requisition of the Governor of South Carolina.—*Savannah Georgian, Jan. 21.*

Luther Severance died at Augusta, Maine, on the 25th inst., aged about 55 years. Mr. Severance was for many years editor of *The Kennebec Journal*, the Whig State paper of Maine, and one of the best inland gazettes in the Union. While acting in that capacity, he was chosen twice to Congress, and served from '43 to '47 with eminent fidelity and usefulness. Upon Gen. Taylor's accession to the Presidency, he was appointed U. S. Commissioner to the Sandwich Islands, whither he immediately proceeded, and discharged the duties of his office until Gen. Pierce's elevation. Here a cancer on his face was gradually developed, which had considerably disfigured him before he returned, and which ultimately ended his life. Yet, though hopeless of cure, he continued active and cheerful, writing a series of lucid and instructive essays on the Sandwich Islands for his old paper, some of which have been transferred to the *Tribune*. We wrote him some two or three months ago, suggesting a new treatment for his disease, and were promptly and cheerfully answered that it was too late—that nothing now remained for him but to await the steady approaches of death. His sufferings, toward the last, were severe, but were borne with fortitude and faith. Maine had hardly a citizen who had lived a life of more blameless usefulness, or whose death will be more deeply regretted.—*Tribune.*

DIED.

Carroll.—At Port Carbon, Schuylkill County, Pa., 1st. Mo. 24th, 1855, Joseph F. Carroll, in the 63d year of his age, a native of Ireland, for the last 40 years a resident of this country.

Hudson.—In Springfield, Mass., 25th ult., Daniel Wyatt, 21, son of Dr. E. D. Hudson,

"One who loved his fellow men,"

and was always recognised by the fugitive slave and the oppressed as an ardent and true friend.

DONATIONS TO THE TRACT FUND.

[Continued.]

Benjamin F. Diggs, Winchester, Indiana,	$5 00
Jehu Hiatt, " "	5 00
Durant Smith, " "	1 00
Tyne S. Puckett, " "	1 00
Thomas Pierce, " "	1 00
George Cot, " "	1 00
Moses Hiatt, " "	1 00
Charles Summers, " "	1 00
Hugh B. Louge, Boston, Mass.,	1 00
Alexander Foster, " "	2 00
Abijah Allen, Millbury, "	1 00
William Ashby, Newburyport, Mass.,	5 00
Jacob Leonard, East Bridgewater, "	50
Nathan Webster, Haverhill, "	50
Deborah Kimball, Hanover, "	1 00
John W. Pound, Lockport, N. Y.,	1 50
Benjamin Chase (additional), Auburn, N. H.,	50
Sarah C. Morrill, Manchester, N. H.,	1 00

Francis Jackson, Treasurer.

Special Notices.

☞ The Twenty-First Annual Meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the small Saloon of Sansom Hall, Sansom st., below 7th., on Thursday, Feb. 8th, at 3½ o'clock, P. M.

The Annual Report of the Secretary and Treasurer will be read, and officers elected for the ensuing year.

All persons interested are invited to attend.

M. Jones, Sec.

Advertisements.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Hubbell's Magic Impression Paper.—We refer our readers to the advertisement, in another column, setting forth the merits of this pleasing and ingenious invention. The cheapness should induce all to give it a trial." [Philadelphia Merchant.

"It is unsurpassed for neatness and utility, and should meet with the sale it richly deserves." [Tribune.

"Just what the public has long desired, and recommends itself to every individual of taste and refinement." [Journal and Courier.

f3 tf

VALUABLE WATER PRIVILEGE FOR SALE and FARM-HOUSE TO LET.—The subscriber wishes to dispose of a Mill-site, situated in the town of Washington, Dutchess Co., N. Y. It lies on the Sharon turnpike, between Hartsville and Mabbettsville, nearly equidistant, and is considered the most eligible for milling purposes of any in the township. There is now on the premises a cider-mill, two stories high, 70 feet by 30, with a wing 30 by 20, and with a cellar ten feet deep, which building might be advantageously converted to almost any purpose requiring water-power. Title indisputable, and terms easy. Apply on the premises to P. A. COMSTOCK.

Also for sale, two acres freshly-cleared Woodland in said township.

P. A. C. would *let*, to a small and agreeable family, a portion of a very pleasant, commodious, beautifully-shaded Country-House, with large Barn, Stable, Carriage, Wood and other out-houses; a well-stocked garden, shrubberies, and pleasure grounds of about 3 acres; a never-failing fountain of the best of water, brought in pipes to the house; the above privileges either with or without a small farm, consisting of 12 acres of land of the first quality, advantageously divided into meadow, pasture and orchard, altogether containing a great variety of the choicest and most excellent fruits. The owner only wishing to reserve a portion of the dwelling and out buildings for her own use, as arrangements may be made for the mutual accommodation of the parties. To a small family from city or sea-board, wishing a quiet, rural home, above the Highlands, for half the year, Milvale might be found to offer one special inducement in its healthy locality. Apply as above, on the premises; or, by writing, to P. A. Comstock, Mabbettsville P. O., N. Y., 7 miles from the Harlem Railroad at Dover; 17 from the Hudson, at Poughkeepsie.

Milvale, Jan. 15, 1855. ja27 tf

THE LADIES' INSTITUTE of the PENN MEDICAL UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, located at 419 Market street, Philadelphia, will commence its Spring Term on the first Monday in March, and continue four months. The facilities for acquiring a sound medical education in this Institution are of a superior order; the teachings are liberal, and free from all sectarian dogmas. Ladies desiring such an education are respectfully requested to give it their attention. For announcements, containing terms, further particulars, &c., please address

JOS. S. LONGSHORE, M.D., Dean,

ja27-2t 419 Market st., above Eleventh, Philadelphia.

Miscellaneous Department.

LECTURES ON ENGLISH POETRY.

Before the (Boston) Lowell Institute.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Reported for The Boston Daily Advertiser.

LECTURE II.

The subject of Mr. Lowell's second Lecture was "Piers Ploughman's Vision."

In literature, as in religion and politics, there is a class of men who may be called Fore-runners. As there were brave men before Agamemnon, so there must have been brave poets before Homer. All of us, the great as well as the little, are the result of the entire Past. It is but just that we should remember now and then that the very dust in the beaten highways of thought is that of, perhaps, nameless saints and heroes, who thought and suffered and died to make common-place practicable to us. Men went to the scaffold or the stake for ideas and principles, which we set up in our writing and our talk as thoughtlessly as a printer sticks his type, and the country editor, when he wrote his last diatribe on the freedom of the press, dipped his pen, without knowing it, in the blood of martyrs. It would be well for us to remember now and then our dusty benefactors, and to be conscious that we are under bonds to the Present to the precise amount that we are indebted to the Past.

Thus, from one point of view, there is nothing more saddening than a biographical dictionary. It is like a grave-yard of might-have-beens and used-to-bes, of fames that never ripened and of fames already decayed. Here lies the great Thinker who stammered and could not find the best word for his best thought, and so the fame went to some other who had the gift of tongues. Here lies the gatherer of great masses of learning from which another was to distil the essence and to get his name upon all the phials and showbills. But if these neglected headstones preach the vanity of a selfish ambition, they teach also the better lesson that every man's activity belongs not to himself, but to his kind, and, whether he will or not, must serve at last some other, greater man. We are all foot-soldiers, and it is out of the blood of a whole army of us that iron enough is extracted to make the commemorative sword that is voted to the great Captain.

In that long aqueduct which brings the water of life down to us from its far sources in the Past, though many have done honest day-labour in building it, yet the key-stone that unites together the arch of every period is engraved with the name of the greatest man alone. These are our landmarks, and mentally we measure by these rather than by any scheme of Chronology. If we think of Philosophy, we think of four or five great names, and so of Poetry, Astronomy and the rest. Geology may give what age she will to the globe; it matters not; it will still be only so many great men old; and wanting these, it is in vain that Egypt and Assyria show us their long bead-roll of vacant centuries. It is in the life of its great men that the life and thought of a people becomes statuesque, rises into poetry, and makes itself out clearly in rhythm and harmony.

These great persons get all the fame and all the monuments, like the generals of armies, though *we* may lead the forlorn hope, or make a palpitating bridge with our bodies in the trenches. Rank and file may grumble a little—but it is always so, and always must be so. Fame would not be fame if it were or could be divided infinitisimally and every man get his drachm and scruple. It is good for nothing unless it come in a lump. And, beside, if every man got a monument or an epitaph who felt quite sure he deserved it, would marble hold out, or Latin?

The fame of a great poet is made up of the sum of all the appreciations of many succeeding generations, each of which he touches at some one point. He is like a New World, into which explorer after explorer enters, one to botanize, one to geologize, one to ethnologize, and each bringing back his report. His great snowy mountains, perhaps only one man in a century goes to the top of, and comes back to tell us how he saw from them at once the two great oceans of Life and Death, the Atlantic out of which we came, the Pacific toward which we tend.

Of the poet we do not ask everything, but the best expression of the *best* of everything. If a man attain this but once, though only in a frail song, he is immortal, while every one who falls just short of it, if only by a hair's breadth, is as sure to be forgotten. There is a wonderful secret that poets have not yet learned, and this is, that small men cannot do great things, but that the small man who can do small things *best* is great. The most fatal ill-success is to succeed, as in Italy the worst lemons are those large ones which come nearest to being oranges. The secret of permanent fame is to express some idea the most compactly, whether in your life, your deed, or your writing. I think that if anything is clear in history, it is that every idea, whether in morals, politics or art, which is labouring to express itself, feels of many men and throws them aside before it finds the one in whom it can incarnate itself. The noble idea of the Papacy (for it *was* a noble one—nothing less than the attempt to embody the higher law in a human institution) whispered itself to many before it got the man it wanted in Gregory the Great. And Protestantism carried numbers to the stake, ere it entered into Luther, a man whom nature had made on purpose—all asbestos so that he could not burn. Doubtless, Apollo spoiled many a reed before he found one that would do to pipe through even to the sheep of Admetus, and the land of song is scattered thick with reeds which the Muse has experimented with and thrown away.

It is from such a one that I am going to try to draw a few notes of music and of mirth to-night. Contemporary with Chaucer lived a man who satirised the clergy, and gave some lively pictures of manners before the Canterbury Tales were written. His poem was very popular, as appears from the number of manuscript copies of it remaining, and, after being forgotten for two centuries, it was revived again, printed, widely read, and helped onward the Reformation in England. It has been reprinted twice during the present century. This assures that it must have had a good deal of original force and vivacity. It may be considered, however, to be tolerably defunct now. This poem is the vision of Piers Ploughman.

I have no hope of reviving it. Dead poets are something *very* dead, and critics blow their trumpets over them in vain. What I think is interesting and instructive in the poem is, that it illustrates, in a remarkable manner, that which may be considered the Anglo-Saxon element in English poetry. I refer to race and not to language. We find here a vigorous common-sense, a simple and hearty love of nature, a certain homely tenderness, held in check always by a dogged veracity. Instead of Fancy we have Feeling; and, what more especially deserves notice, there is an almost entire want of that sense of form and outline and proportion which alone brings anything within the Province of Art. Imagination shows itself now and then in little gleams and flashes, but always in the form of Humour. For the basis of the Anglo-Saxon mind is beef and beer, what it considers the *real*, as distinguished from or rather opposed to the *ideal*. It spares nothing merely because it is beautiful. It is the Anglo-Saxon who invented the word *Humbug*, the potent exorcism which lays the spirit of poetry in the Red Sea. It is he who always translates Shows into Shams.

Properly speaking, "Piers Ploughman's Vision" is not a poem at all. It is a sermon rather, for no verses whose chief end is not the representation of the beautiful, and whose moral is not included in that, can be called poetry in the true sense of the word. A thought will become poetical by being put into verse when a horsehair will turn into a snake by being laid in water. The poetical nature will delight in Mary Magdalen more for her fine hair than for penitence. But whatever *is* poetical in this book seems to me characteristically Saxon. The English Muse has mixed blood in her veins, and I think that what she gets from the Saxon is a certain something homely and practical, a flavour of the goodwife, which is hereditary. She is the descendant, on one side, of poor Richard, inspired, it is true, but who always brings her knitting in her pocket. The light of the soul that shines through her countenance, that "light that never was on land or sea," is mingled with the warm glow from the fireside on the hearth of Home. Indeed, may it not be attributed to the Teutonic heart as something peculiar to it, that it has breadth enough to embrace at once the chimney-corner and the far-reaching splendours of Heaven? Happy for it when the smoke and cookery-steam of the one do not obscure the other!

I find no fault with the author of Piers Ploughman for not being a poet. Every man cannot be a poet (fortunately), nor every poet a great one. It is the privilege of the great to be always contemporaneous, to speak of fugacious events in words that shall be perennial. But to the poets of the second rate we go for pictures of manners that have passed away, for transitory facts, for modes of life and ways of thinking that were circumstantial merely. They give us reflections of our outward, as their larger brethren do of our inward, selves. They deal, as it were, with costume, the other with man himself.

But these details are of interest, so fond are we of facts. We all have seen the congregation which grew sleepy while the preacher talked of the other world give a stir of pleased attention if he brought in a personal anecdote about *this*. Books are written and printed, and we read them to tell us how our fathers cocked their hats, or turned up the points of their shoes, when blacking and starch were introduced, who among Anglo-Saxons carsied the first umbrella, and who borrowed it.

These trifles, also, acquire importance in proportion as they are older. If a naturalist showed us a toad, we should be indifferent; but if he told us that it had been found in a block of granite, we should instantly look with profound interest on a creature that perhaps ate moths in Abel's garden, or hopped out of the path of Lamech.. And the same precious jewel of instruction we find in the ugly little facts embedded in early literatures. They teach us the unchangeableness of man, and his real independence of his accidents. He is the same old lay figure under all his draperies, and sits to one artist for a John and to another for a Judas, and serves equally well for both portraits. The oldest fable reappears in the newest novel. Aristophanes makes coats that fit us still. Voltaire is Lucian translated into the eighteenth century. Augustus turns up in Louis Napoleon. The whirligig of Time brings back, at regular intervals, the same actors and situations, and under whatever names—Ormuzd and Ahriman, Protestantism and Catholicism, Reform and Conservatism, Transcendentalism and Realism—we see the same ancient quarrel renewed from generation to generation, till we begin to doubt whether this be truly the steps of a Tower of Babel that we are mounting, and not rather a treadmill, where we get all the positive good of the exercise, and none of the theoretic ill which might come if we could once solve the problem of getting above ourselves. Man's life continues to be, as the Saxon noble described it, the flight of a sparrow through a lighted hall, out of one darkness and into another, and the two questions *whence* and *whither?* were no tougher to Adam than to us.

The author of Piers Ploughman's Vision has offered us his theory of this world and the next, and, in doing so, gives some curious hints of modes of life and of thought. It is generally agreed that one of his names was Langland, and disputed whether the other was Robert or William. Robert has the most authority, and William the strongest argument in its favour. It is of little consequence now to him or us. He was probably a monk at Malvern. His poem is a long one, written in the unrhymed alliterative measure of the Anglo-Saxon poetry, and the plan of it is of the simplest kind. It is a continued allegory, in which all the vices, passions and follies of the time, the powers of the mind, the qualities of the spirit, and the theological dogmas of the author are personified and mixed up with real personages with so much simplicity, and with such unconscious interfusion of actual life, as to give the whole an air of probability.

The author of Piers Ploughman's Vision avoids any appearance of incongruity, by laying his scene in a world which is neither wholly real nor wholly imaginary—the realm of sleep and dreams. There it does not astonish us that Langland should meet and talk with the theological virtues, and that very avoirdupois knights, monks, abbots, friars and ploughmen should be found in company with such questionable characters as Do-Well, Do-Better, Do-Best, Conscience, Nature, Clergy and Activa Vita. He has divided his poem into twenty "steps," as he calls them, in each of which he falls asleep, has a dream, and wakes when it becomes convenient, or he is at a loss what else to do. Meanwhile his real characters are so very real, and his allegorical ones mingle with them on such a common ground of easy familiarity, that we forget the allegory altogether. We are not surprised to find those Utopian edifices, the Tower of Truth and the Church of Unity, in the same street with an alehouse, as genuine as that of Tam O'Shanter, and it would seem nothing out of the common if we should see the twelve signs of the Zodiac saving themselves from Deucalion's flood in an arc of the Ecliptic.

[Mr. Lowell here read long extracts from the poem, with a commentary of his own, generally brief, of which we can only give the following fine passage on Personification.]

The truth is, that ideal personifications are commonly little better than pinchbeck substitutes for imagination. They are a refuge which unimaginative minds seek from their own imaginativeness. They stand in the same relation to poetry as wax figures to sculpture. The more nearly they counterfeit reality, the more unpleasant they are, and there is always a dejected irresponsibleness about the legs and a Brattle street air in the boots that is ludicrous. The imagination gives us no pictures but the thing itself. It goes out for the moment to dwell in and inform with its own life the object of its vision—as Keats says somewhere in one of his letters, "I hop about the gravel and pick up crumbs in the sparrows." And so, in personifying, the imagination must have energy to project its own emotion so as to see it objectively—just as the disease of the hypochondriac runs before him in a black dog. Thus it was that the early poets, "who believed the wonders that they sang," peopled the forests, floods and mountains with real shapes of beauty or terror; and, accordingly, in primitive times, *ecstacy* is always attributed to the condition of the public mind. To the great poets these ecstacies are still possible, and personification had its origin in the tradition of these, and the endeavour of inferior minds to atone for their own languor by what we may call historical or reminisental imagination. Here is indicated the decline from faith to ritual. Shakspeare has illustrated the true secret of imaginative personification where he makes the conscience of Macbeth become external and visible to him in the ghastly shape at the banquet, which only he can see, and Lady Macbeth's, afterwards, in the blood-stain on her hand. This is the personification of the creative mind whose thoughts are not images, but *things*. And this seems to have been the normal condition of Shakspeare's genius, as it is the exceptional one of all other poets. He alone has embodied in flesh and blood his every thought and fancy and emotion, his every passion and temptation. Beside him all other poets seem but the painters and not the makers of men. He sent out his profound intellect to look at life from every point of view, and through the eyes of all men and women from the highest to the lowest. In every one he seems to have tapped it with the knuckle, to have said sadly, *tinnit, inane est*, it rings, it is hollow, and then to have gone down quietly to wait for Death and another world at Stratford.

As fine an example as any of the prose imagination, of the intellect acting pictorially, is where Hobbes compares the Papacy to the ghost of the Roman Empire sitting upon its tomb. This implies a foregone personification, but the pleasure it gives springs chiefly from our sense of its historic and intellectual truth. And this subordinate form of imagination uses typically and metaphorically those forms in which ecstacy had formerly visibly clothed itself, flesh-and-blooded itself, so to speak, as where Lord Bacon says that Persecution in the name of Religion is "to bring down the Holy Ghost, not in the likeness of a dove, but in the shape of a vulture or raven."

[After reading more extracts from the poem, Mr. Lowell concluded his lecture in these words:]

Truly, it seems to me that I can feel a heart-beat all through this old poem, a manly, trustful and tender one. There are some men who have what may be called a vindictive love of Truth, whose love of it, indeed, seems to be only another form of hatred to their neighbour. They put crooked pins on the stool of repentance before they invite the erring to sit down on it. Our brother Langland is plainly not one of these.

What I especially find to our purpose in Piers Ploughman, as I said before, is, that it defines with tolerable exactness those impulses which our poetry has received from the Anglo-Saxon as distinguished from the Anglo-Norman element of our race. It is a common Yankee proverb that there is a great deal of human nature in man. I think it especially true of the *Anglo-Saxon* man. We find in this poem common sense, tenderness, a love of spiritual goodness without much sensibility to the merely beautiful, a kind of *domestic* feeling of nature, and a respect for what is established. But what is still more noticeable is that man is recognised as man, and that the conservatism of Langland is predicated upon the well-being of the people.

It is impossible to revive a dead poem, but it is pleasant, at least, to throw a memorial flower upon its grave.

LECTURE III.

THE METRICAL ROMANCES.

Where is the Golden age? It is fifty years ago to every man and woman of three score and ten. I do not doubt that aged Adam babbled of the superiority of the good old times, and, forgetful, in his enthusiasm, of that fatal bite which set the teeth of all his descendants on edge, told, with a regretful sigh, how much larger and finer the apples of his youth were than that to which the great-grandson on his knee was giving a preliminary polish. Meanwhile, the great-grandson sees the good times far in front, a galaxy of golden pippins whereof he shall pluck and eat as many as he likes, without question. Thus it is that none of us knows when Time is with him, but the old man sees only his shoulders and that inexorable wallet in which youth and beauty and strength are borne away as alms for Oblivion, and the boy beholds but the glowing face and the hands stretched out full of gifts like those of a St. Nicholas. Thus there is never any present good; but the juggler Life smilingly baffles us all, making us believe that the vanished ring is under his left hand or his right, the past or the future, and shows us at last that it was in our own pocket all the while.

So we may always listen with composure when we hear of Golden Ages passed away. Burke pronounced the funeral oration of one—of the Age of Chivalry—the period of Metrical Romances—of which I propose to speak to-night. Mr. Ruskin, himself as true a Knight-Errant as ever sat in a demipique saddle, ready to break a lance with all comers, and resolved that even the windmills and the drovers shall not go about their business till they have done homage to his Dulcinea for the time being, joins in the lament. Nay, what do we learn from the old romancers themselves, but that all the heroes were already dead and buried? Their song also is a threnody, if we listen rightly. For when did Oliver and Roland live? When Arthur and Tristrem and Lancelot and Caradoc Breakarm? In that Golden Age of Chivalry which is always past.

Undoubtedly there was a great deal in the institution of Chivalry that was picturesque; but it is noticeable, in countries where society is still picturesque, that dirt and ignorance and tyranny have their chief hand in making them so. Mr. Fennimore Cooper thought the American savage picturesque; but if he had lived in a time when it was necessary that one should take out a policy of insurance on his scalp or wig before going to bed, he might have seen them in a different light. The tourist looks up with delight at the eagle sliding in smooth-winged circles on the icy mountain air, and sparkling back the low morning sun like a belated star—but what does the lamb think of him? Let us look at Chivalry a moment from the lamb point-of-view.

It is true that the investiture of the Knight was a religious ceremony, but this was due to the church, which, in an age of brute force, always maintained the traditions at least of the intellect and conscience. The vows which the Knights took had as little force as those of god-parents who fulfil their spiritual relation by sending a piece of plate to the god-child. They stood by each other when it was for their interest to do so, but the only virtue they had any respect for was an arm stronger than their own. It is hard to say which they preferred to break, a head or one of the Ten Commandments. They looked upon the rich Jew with thirty-two sound teeth in his head as a providential contrivance, and practised upon him a comprehensive kind of dental surgery, at once for profit and amusement, and then put into some chapel a painted window with a Jewish prophet in it for piety—as if *they* were the Jewish profits they cared about. They outraged and robbed their vassals in every conceivable manner, and, if *very* religious, made restitution on their death by giving a part of the plunder (when they could keep it no longer) to have masses sung for the health of their soul—thus contriving, as they thought, to be their own heirs in the other world. Individual examples of heroism are not wanting to show that man is always paramount to the institutions of his own contriving, so that any institution will yield itself to the compelling charms of a noble nature. But even were this not so, yet, Sir Philip Sydney, the standard type of the chivalrous, grew up under other influences. So did Lord Herbert of Cherbury. So did the incomparable Bayard, and the single fact that it is related as a wonderful thing of Bayard that, after the storming of Brescia, he respected the honour of the daughter of a lady in whose house he was quartered, notwithstanding she was beautiful and in his power, is of more weight than all the Romances in Don Quixote's library.

But what form is that which rises before us, with features in which the gentle and forgiving reproach of the woman is lost in the aspiring bower of the martyr? *We* know her as she was,

> "The whitest lily in the shield of France,
> With heart of virgin gold,"

that bravest and most loyal heart over whose beatings knightly armour was ever buckled, that saintly shape in which even battle looks lovely, that life so pure, so inspired, so humbled, which stands there forever to show us how near womanhood ever is to heroism, and that the human heart is true to an eternal instinct when it paints Faith and Hope and Charity and Religion with the countenances of woman.

We are told that the sentiment of respect for woman, a sentiment always remarkable in the Teutonic race, is an inheritance from the Institution of Chivalry. But womanhood must be dressed in silk and miniver that chivalry must recognise it. That priceless pearl hidden in the coarse kirtle of the peasant-girl of Domremy, it trampled under its knightly feet—shall I say?—or swinish hoofs. Poor Joan! The chivalry of France sold her; the chivalry of England subjected her to outrages whose burning flame cooled the martyr-fire, and the King whom she had saved, the very top of French Knighthood, was toying with Agnes Sorel while the fagots were crackling around the saviour of himself and his kingdom in the square of Rouen! Thank God that our unchivalric generation can hack the golden spurs from such recreant heels! A statue stands now where her ashes were gathered to be cast into the Seine, but her fittest monument is the little fountain beneath it, the emblem of her innocence, of her inspiration, drawn not from court, or castle, or cloister, but from the inscrutable depths of that old human nature, and that heaven common to us all—an emblem, no less, that the memory of a devoted life is a spring where all coming times may drink the holy waters of gratitude and aspiration. I confess that I cannot see clearly that later scaffold in the Place de la Revolution, through the smoke of this martyr-fire at Rouen, but it seems to me that, compared with this *woman*, the Marie Antoinette, for whose sake Burke lamented the downfall of chivalry, is only the daughter of a King.

But those old days, whether good or bad, have left behind them a great body of literature, of which even yet a large part remains unprinted. To this literature belong the Metrical Romances. Astonished by the fancy and invention so abundantly displayed by the writers of these poems, those who have written upon the subject have set themselves gravely to work to find out what country they could have got them from. Mr. Warton, following Dr. Warburton, inclines to assign them to an oriental origin. Dr. Percy, on the other hand, asserts a Scandinavian origin, while Ritson, who would have found it reason enough to think that the sun rose in the West if Warton or Percy had taken the other side, is positive that they were wholly French. Perhaps the truth lies somewhere between the positions of Percy and Ritson. The Norman race, neither French nor Scandinavian, was a product of the mingled blood of both, and in its mental characteristics we find the gaity and lively fancy of the one, tempering what is wild in the energy and gloomy in the imagination of the other.

We know the exact date of the arrival of the first Metrical Romance in England. Taillefer, a Norman minstrel, brought it over in his head, and rode in the front at the battle of Hastings, singing the song of Roland. Taillefer answers precisely the description of a Danish skald, but he sang in French, and the hero he celebrated was one of the peers of Charlemagne, who was himself a German.

> Taillefer, who well could sing a strain
> Upon a swift horse, rode amain
> Before the Duke and chanted loud
> Of Charlemagne and Roland good,
> Of Oliver and vassals brave,
> Who found at Roncavalles their grave.

What this song of Roland was, it is impossible to say, as the only copy of it seems to have perished with Taillefer at the battle of Hastings, but it was probably of the same kind with many of those which have survived and brought down to us the exploits of Arthur and his knights.

With regard to a large part of the romances of the Round Table, and those which grew out of them, it is tolerably certain that, although written in French, they were made in England.

One of the great charms of the Metrical Romances is the innocent simplicity with which they commit anachronisms. Perhaps it would be more exact to call them *synchronisms*, for, with the most undoubting faith, they compel all other times to adopt the dress, manners and conventionalities of their own. To them there was no one world, nor ever had been any, except that of Romance. They conferred retrospective knighthood upon the patriarchs; upon Job, David and Solomon. Joseph of Arimathea became Sir Joseph of that ilk. Even the soldier who pierced the side of Jesus upon the cross was made into Sir Longinus, and represented as running a tilt with our Lord. All the heroes of the Grecian legend were treated in the same way. They translated the old time and the old faith into new, and thus completed the outfit of their own imaginary world, supplying it, at a very cheap rate, with a Past and with mythology. And as they believed the gods and genii of the Pagan ancients to have been evil spirits, who, though undeified, were imperishable in their essence, they were allowed to emigrate in a body from the old religion into the new, where they continued to exercise their functions, sometimes under their former names, but oftener in some disguise. These unfortunate aliens seem to have lived very much from hand to mouth, and, after the invention of holy water (more terrible to them than Greek fire), they must have had rather an uncomfortable time of it. The giants were received with enthusiasm, and admitted to rights of citizenship in the land of Romance, where they are allowed to hold fiefs and castles in consideration of their eminent usefulness in abducting damsels, and their serving as anvils to the knights, who sometimes belaboured them for three days at a time, the fight ending at last not from failure of breath on the part of the combatants, but of the minstrel. As soon as *he* has enough, or sees that his hearers have, the head of the unhappy giant becomes loose on his shoulders.

Another charm of the Romances is their entire inconsequentiality. As soon as we enter this wonderful country, the old fetters of cause and effect drop from our limbs, and we are no longer bound to give a reason for anything. All things come to pass in that most charming of ways which children explain by the comprehensive metaphysical formula—*coz!* Nothing seems to be premeditated, but a knight falls in love, or out of it, fights, goes on board enchanted vessels that carry him to countries laid down on no chart, and all without asking a question. In truth, it is a delightful kind of impromptu life, such as we all should like to lead if we could, with nothing set down in the bills beforehand.

But the most singular peculiarity of Romance-land, remains to be noticed—there are no *people* in it, that is, no common people. The lowest rank in life is that of a dwarf. It is true, that if a knight loses his way, there will always be a clown or two to set him right. But they disappear at once, and seem to be wholly phantasmagoric, or, at best, an expedient rendered necessary by the absence of guide-posts, and the inability of the cavaliers to read them if there had been any. There are plenty of Saracens, no doubt, but they are more like cucumbers than men, and are introduced merely that the knight may have the pleasure of slicing them.

We cannot claim any condensed poetical merit for the Metrical Romances. They have very few quotable passages and fewer vigorous single lines. Their merit consists in a diffuse picturesqueness, and reading them is like turning over illuminated missals in a traveller's half hour, which leave a vague impression on the mind of something vivid and fanciful, without one's being able to recall any particular beauty. Some of them have great narrative merit, being straightforward and to the purpose, never entangling themselves in reflection, or subordinating the story to the expression. In this respect they are refreshing, after reading many poems of the modern school, which, under pretence of sensuousness, are truly sensual, and deal quite as much with the upholstery as with the soul of poetry. The thought has now-a-days become of less importance than the vehicle of it, and, amid the pomp of words, we are too often reminded of an Egyptian procession, in which all the painful musical instruments then invented, priests, soldiers and royalty itself, accompany the triumphal chariot containing, perhaps, after all, only an embalmed monkey or a pickled ibis.

There is none of this nonsense in the Old Romances, though sometimes they are tediously sentimental, and we wonder as much at the capacity of our ancestors in bearing dry verses as dry blows. Generally, however, they show an unaffected piety and love of nature. The delight of the old minstrels in the return of Spring is particularly agreeable, and another argument in favour of the northern origin of this class of poems. Many of them open with passages like this:

> Merry it is in the month of May
> When the small fowls sing their lay,
> Then flowers the apple tree and perry,
> And the little birds sing merry,
> Then the ladies strew their bowers
> With red roses and lily flowers,
> The damsels led down the dance,
> And the knights play with shield and lance.

Some of the comparisons, also, drawn from Nature, are as fresh as dew. For example, when a lady sees her lover—

> She is as glad at that sight
> As the birds are of the light,

Or,

> As glad as grass is of the rain.

A knight is said to be

> As weary as water in a weir.

A simile full of imagination.

The most airy glimpses of the picturesque occur sometimes; as describing a troop of knights,

> They rode away full serriedly,
> Their girdled pennons, of silk of Ind,
> Merrily rattled with the wind;
> The steeds so noble and so wight
> Leapt and neighed beneath each knight.

[After quoting various specimens of these poems, Mr. Lowell gave the following sketch of the manners and customs of Romance-land, "condensed from the best authorities:"]

If you are born in this remarkable country and destined for a hero, the chances are that by the time you are seven years old, your father will have gone off to fight the infidels, and a neighbouring Earl will have taken possession of his estates and his too hastily supposed widow. You resent this in various ways, especially by calling your step-father all the proper names you can think of that are improper. He, for some unexplained reason, is unable to get rid of you, though he tries a variety of plots level with the meanest capacity. You, being of uncommon sagacity, are saved by the aid of three or four superfluous miracles. Meanwhile, you contrive to pick up a good knightly education, and, by the time you are seventeen, are bigger and stronger and handsomer than anybody else, except, of course, the giants. So, one day, you buckle on your armour, mount your horse, who is as remarkable in his way as yourself, and go adventuring. Presently you come to a castle where you are most courteously received. Maidens as white as whale's bone, and fair as flowers (they all are so in Romance-land), help you off with your armour, and dress you in richest silks. You then go to dine with the Lord of the Castle, who is a knight of very affable manners and agreeable conversation, but with an aversion to religious topics. His daughter, the fairest lady on the ground, assists at the meal. You are conducted to your chamber, and, after a refreshing sleep, meet your host and hostess at breakfast. At a suitable time you return thanks for your kind treatment and ask for your horse. The knight, however, in the blandest manner, tells you that a little custom will interfere with your immediate departure. He is in the habit of fighting with all his guests, and has hitherto been successful in killing them all to the number of several hundred. This is precisely the account which you are fond of settling, and, after a few allusions to Mahomed and Termagant, and Alcoban, you accept the challenge, and of course come off victor. This seems to settle the matter for the young lady whom your lance has just promoted to her inheritance, and she immediately offers herself and her estates to you, telling you, at the same time, that she had long been secretly a Christian. Though madly in love with her, and interested in her religious views, which she details you at some length, you mount your steed and ride away, but without being expected to give any reasons. You have a particular mission nowhere, and on your way to that interesting country you kill a *megalosaurus* (for whose skeleton Professor Owen would have given his ears), and two or three incidental giants. Riding on, you come to a Paynim land, ruled over by a liberally minded Soldan, who receives you into favour, after you have slain some thousands of his subjects to get an appetite for dinner. The Soldan, of course, has a daughter who is converted by you, and of course offers you her hand. This makes you think of the other lady, and you diplomatize. But there is another Paynim land, and another Soldan, who sends word that he intends to marry your beautiful convert.

The embassy or the proud Paynim somehow results in your being imprisoned for seven years, when it suddenly occurs to you that you might as well step out. So you pick up a magic sword that has been shut up with you, knock down the jailers, mount horse who is waiting at the door, and ride off. Now, or at some other convenient time, you take occasion to go mad for a year or two on account of lady-love number one. But hearing that lady-love number two is about to yield to the addresses of her royal suitor, who has killed her father, burned his capitol, and put all his subjects to the sword, you make some appropriate theological disquisitions and start to the rescue. On your way you meet a strange knight, join combat with him, without any questions on either side, and, after doubtful fight of a day or two, are mutually overcome with amazement at finding anybody who cannot be beaten. Of course it turns out that the strange knight is your father; you join forces, make short work with the amorous Soldan and his giants, and find yourself encumbered with a young lady, a princess, too, all of whose relatives and vassals have been slaughtered on your account, and who mutually expects you to share her throne. In a moment of abstraction, you consent to the arrangement, and are married by an archbishop *in partibus* who happens to be on the spot. As your late royal rival has slain all your late father-in-law's lieges, and you have done the same service for him in turn, there are no adventurers left in this part of the world. Luckily, before the wedding-ring is warm on your finger, a *plesto-saurus* turns up. This saves many disagreeable explanations with the bride, whom you are resolved to have nothing to do with while the other young lady is alive. You settle her comfortably on the throne of her depopulated kingdom, slay the monster, and start for home with your revered parent. There you overcome the usurping Earl, reinstate your father, and assist cheerfully at the burning of your mother for bigamy, your filial piety being less strong than your reverence for the laws of your country. A fairy who has a particular interest in you (and who it seems is your real mother after all—a fact which relieves your mind of any regrets on the score of the late melancholy bonfire) lets you into the secret that lady-love the first is your own sister. This revives your affection for your wife, and you go back to the kingdom of Gombraunt, find her reduced to extremities by another matrimonial Soldan, whom you incontinently massacre, with all *his* giants, and now at last a prospect of quiet domestic life seems to open. Dull peaceful days follow, and you begin to take desponding views of life, when your *ennui* is pleasantly broken in upon by a monster who combines in himself all the monstrosities of heraldic zoology. You decapitate him and incautiously put one of his teeth in your boot as a keepsake. A scratch ensues, physicians are in vain, and you die with an edifying piety, deeply regretted by your subjects, if there are any left with their heads on. On the whole, we may think ourselves happy that we live under somewhat different institutions.

[The next lecture will continue the same subject.]

THE BATTLE OF INKERMAN.

Sebastopol lay shrouded
In thick November gloom,
And through the midnight silence
The guns had ceased to boom.
The sentinel outworn
In watching for the morn,
From Balaklava's heights,
Beheld the Russian lights
In the close-beleagured fortress far adown;
And heard a sound of bells
Wafted upwards through the dells,
And a roar of mingling voices and of anthems from the town.

Then prayed the God of Justice
To aid them in the wrong,
They consecrated Murder
With jubilee and song.
To the slain, the joys of Heaven—
To the living, sin forgiven—
Were the promises divine
That were passed along the line,
As they gathered in the myriads ere the dawn;
While their priests, in full accord,
Chanted glory to the Lord,
And blessed the Russian banner and the sword for battle drawn.

Stealthily and darkly,
Amid the rain and sleet—
No trumpet-call resounding,
Nor drums' tempestuous beat;
But shadow-like, and slow,
Came the legions of the foe,
Moving dimly up the steep
Where the British Camp, asleep,
Lay unconscious of the danger lurking near;
And the soldier, breathing hard,
On the cold and sodden sward,
Dreamed of victory and glory, or of home and England dear.

Hark! Heard ye not a rumbling
On the misty morning air,
Like the rush of rising tempests
When they shake the forest bare!
The outposts on the hill
Hear it close, and closer still.
'Tis the tramp of iron heels,
'Tis the crash of cannon wheels,
And "To arms!" "To arms!" "To arms!" is the cry.
"'Tis the Russians on our flank!
Up, and arm each British rank!
And meet them, gallant Guardsmen, to conquer or to die."

Then rose the loud alarum
With a hurricane of sound,
And from short uneasy slumber
Sprang each hero from the ground;
Sprang each horseman to his steed,
Ready saddled for his need;
Sprang each soldier to his place,
With a stern, determined face;
While the rousing drum and bugle echoed far,
And a crack of rifles rung,
And the cannon found a tongue,
And down upon them bursting came the avalanche of war.

Through the cold and foggy darkness
Sped the rocket's fiery breath,
And the light of rapid volleys,
In a haze of Living Death;
But each English heart that day
Throbbed impetuous for the fray,
And our hosts undaunted stood
Beating back the raging flood—
That came pouring from the valley, like a sea,
Casting havoc on the shore,
With a dull and sullen roar—
The thunder-cloud above it and the lightning flashing free.

On darkness grew the daylight,
'Mid the loud incessant peal;
On the daylight followed noontide—
And they struggle steel to steel!
O ye gallant souls and true!
O ye great immortal few!
On your banner, bright unfurled,
Shone the freedom of the world.
In your keeping lay the safety of the lands—
Lay the splendour of our name—
Lay our glory and our fame;
And ye held and raised them all in your dauntless hearts and hands!

For a moment, and one only,
Seemed the Russians to prevail:
O brave eight thousand heroes!
Ye shall conquer! They shall fail!
They can face you—if they must—
But they fly your bayonet thrust.
And hark! the ringing cheer
That proclaims the French are near,
And is heard above the raging battle din!
Giving courage to the brave—
Striking terror to the slave—
A signal and an omen of the victory to win!

Breakforth, thou storm of battle,
With a new and wild uproar!
Beam out, thou flag of England,
With thy sister tricolour!
For, fighting side by side,
One in spirit, heart allied—
In the cause of truth combined,
For the freedom of mankind—
France and England show the world what may be done;
And their star of glory burns
And the tide of battle turns,
And the beaten Russians fly, and the victory is won.

Thus fourteen thousand freemen,
Invincible in right,
Defeated seventy thousand,
In fierce unequal fight!
Thus Themopylæ of old
And its men of Titan mould
Were surpassed, at duty's call,
By the Briton and the Gaul
(May the splendour of their friendship never wane!)—
By the men who fighting fell
With Cathcart and Lourmel,
Or lived with placid Raglan, avengers of the slain.

And as long as France and England
Shall give birth to manlike men,
Their deeds shall be remembered
Should the battle burst again;
And to actions of sublime
Shall inspire each future time.
And when War's alarms shall cease,
And the nations live in peace,
Safe from Tyranny, its murder, and its ban—
Let us tell with generous pride
How our heroes fought and died,
And saved a threatened world on the heights of Inkerman!

CHARLES MACKAY.

MRS. STOWE ON FEMALE ORATORS.

From the Independent, Jan. 25.

Andover, Jan. 20.—Some sensation has been made by Miss Antoinette Brown's lecture in the Lyceum course, which, of course, has a result that the descent of the angel in the pool of Judea had—of troubling the waters, and giving rise to animated discussion.

Wise people, however, do not disturb their own peace by a too vehement opinion, one way or the other, on the question of which Miss Brown is the embodiment. All seem to concede that the difficult function of a public speaker is performed by her as unexceptionably, and with as little loss of feminine grace as such a step admits of. She has lectured also with acceptance in Dover, Beverly, Taunton, Providence, and many other places, and has, we are informed, altogether more applications than she can meet.

In private society, Miss Brown is quiet, retiring and modest, without the slightest shade of anything obtrsuive or unwomanly. It would appear to be a safe course to allow the experiment which is now being made on the sphere of womanhood, to run itself out to its final results without opposition. The laws and sphere of the two sexes are so strongly and unalterably fixed by nature and constitution, that there is little danger in such patience. Women, as a general thing, will, by the force of constitutional instincts, tend to the sphere of domestic life.

But there always have been, and always probably will be, some who desire, and have the capacity for a wider sphere, and it will be difficult to show why *they* should not also follow *their* nature. Can one tell us why it should be right and proper for Jenny Lind to *sing* to two thousand people "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and improper for Antoinette Brown to *say it*? Why it was proper for Madame Sontag to *sing* to the assembled clergy of Boston, and would have been highly improper for her to *speak* to them? However, a little patience and quietness and these vexed questions will determine themselves, by the most sensible of all tests—experience.

H. B. S.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

M. Kossuth and M. Mazzini are both preparing works for the press. The former is to put forth a collection of his letters from Turkey, the latter a volume upon the development of the Italian religious question.

——The (London) *Herald* says: "The district registrars have daily convincing proof of the popularity of the war, as a great number of the female children born during the last three months have been, by their patriotic parents, named 'Alma.'"

——Queen Isabella of Spain has sent a magnificent golden tiara as a personal present to the Pope. The tiara is encrusted with no fewer than eighteen thousand brilliants, so set as to throw off rays at all points, and to form around the holy father's head a halo of light like the "glory" of a saint!

——Among the numerous little comforts sent out to the Crimea in Lord Ellesmere's yacht, the Countess of Macclesfield has dispatched 700 "housewives," each containing 12 strong needles of two sizes, 12 metal buttons of two sizes, a large skein of strong black thread, and one of white; thus, altogether, about 9,000 needles, 9,000 buttons, and 22 pounds of thread have been used.

——Present from Windsor.—On Friday afternoon, Mr. Minton, of Windsor, purveyor to her Majesty, with the sanction and cordial approval of the Castle authorities, prepared three fine rounds of beef, cut from oxen fed by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, at the model farm in Windsor Park, for presentation to Lord Raglan, General Canrobert, and his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. The tubs were forwarded to their destination on Monday.

——A Lady Horsebreaker.—*Galignani's Messenger* says that, in consequence of the success obtained by Madame Isabelle in breaking-in horses for the army, the Minister of War lately authorized her to proceed officially before a commission composed of general and superior officers of cavalry, with General Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely at their head, to a practical demonstration of her method on a certain number of young cavalry horses. After twenty days' training, the horses were so perfectly broken in that the minister no longer hesitated to enter into an arrangement with Madame Isabelle to introduce her system into all the imperial schools of cavalry, beginning with that of Saumur. The advantages of this system appear to be these: To train the horses without fatiguing them; to diminish greatly the number of accidents; to train any number of horses at the same time, and to lessen considerably the expenses.

——The Bible and the Czar.—At the annual meeting of the Edinburgh Bible Society, the chairman, Lord Panmure, adverting to Mr. Bright's speech at Rochdale, said: "When Alexander was Emperor of Russia, he showed a certain countenance to the labourers of the British and Foreign Bible Society. His successor, the present Emperor, it was true, allowed the edition to be exhausted in the country, but since that time he had permitted no further translation to be struck off, and no further circulation of the Bible in the tongue of his countrymen. He (Lord Panmure) would not have touched so prominently upon that point had he not seen it asserted, at a Bible Society meeting at Rochdale (by Mr. Bright), that the present Emperor of Russia was friendly to the circulation of the Scriptures."

——How the orthodox illustrated their sincerity in the time of Louis the XIVth is thus whimsically told, in addition to a notice of the death of the Count d'Olonne. His wife and Madame de la Ferte were sisters. "— widowed and aged, they withdrew, passionately in love with a world which abandoned them. They wished to be devout, and affected by a sermon which they heard on Ash Wednesday, on the subjects of fasting and penitence, they were discussing the imperativeness and the difficulty of the question, when Madame d'Olonne, who was eccentrically avaricious, discovered a wonderful expedient. 'Sister,' said she, 'do you know what we will do? Let us make our servants fast.'" This reminds us (it is Beckford's story) of the sick lady who was ordered to take certain medicines and drink asses' milk. The invalid was not found strong enough to follow the first portion of the remedy, "and so"—as the original narrator says—"and so they physicked the ass."

——New way to get a Husband.—A gentleman of the bar, in a neighbouring county, in easy circumstances, and pretty good practice, had rendered himself somewhat remarkable by his matrimonial speculations. A maiden rather advanced in years, residing some miles distant in the neighbourhood, hearing of this lawyer's speculative propensity, that his character was unexceptionable and his situation in life was tolerably good, resolved upon making him her husband. She hit upon the following expedient: She pretended suddenly to be taken very ill, and sent for the man of the law to prepare her will. He attended for that purpose. By her will she devised £10,000 in bank stock to be divided between her three cousins, some thousands in bonds and notes to a niece and a vast landed estate to a favourite nephew. The will being finished, she gave her lawyer a very liberal fee, and enjoined secrecy upon him for some pretended purpose, thus precluding him from any inquiry into her real circumstances. Need I mention the result? In a fortnight, the lady thought proper to be again restored to health. The lawyer called to congratulate her on her restoration—begged permission to visit her, which was politely given. After a short courtship, the desired offer was made. The bargain was concluded, ratified by the priest. The lawyer's whole estate by his wife consisted of an annuity of sixty-five dollars.—*English Paper.*

——The Royal Baron of Beef.—The baron of beef, which from time immemorial has formed the staple Christmas dish of the Sovereigns of England, was this year supplied by Mr. Minton, of Peascod street, Windsor. The baron weighed precisely sixty stone, or 480 lbs., and judges pronounced the meat to be of a very superior quality. The process of roasting so large a weight of beef is one of no ordinary difficulty. In the present instance the baron was put down before an enormous fire on Saturday afternoon, and for fourteen hours was watched and basted by relays of assistants; a hot time of it have those watchers and basters, but they considered themselves compensated by an unlimited supply of ale. After the baron is taken up and allowed sufficient time to set and cool, then comes the operation of paring and trimming, so that the immense mass of meat is sensibly diminished in actual weight, but materially improved in outward appearance. Placed on a dish as large as an ordinarily-sized table, it is then decorated after the most approved fashion. The royal cypher is traced round the edges of the dish; the holly and misletoe apparently sprout from the outside fat of the meat; and his lordship is then duly placed on the sideboard of the dining room in Windsor Castle, where her Majesty and the Royal Family, surrounded by an illustrious and distinguished circle of visitors, partake of their Christmas banquet. On Monday evening, the baron was placed on the royal sideboard for the first time, and is to be served up every evening until New Year's day, when it will be succeeded by another.

——Instinct in Art.—Mr. Ruskin, lecturing on "Decorative Art," laid great stress upon the value of "instinct" to the artist. The other day he was seated by the side of one of the greatest living painters of fruit pieces, Mr. Hunt, and, in reply to a question put to him as to why he put on a certain colour which appeared to be against all rules, he said he did not know, he thought it would look well. We were told as a rule that there were three primary colours—red, blue and yellow—and that these primaries should occur in every composition in certain proportions, that these three colours always existed in a ray of light in the proportions of 8, 5, and 3, and that in these proportions the colours neutralized each other, and produced white light. Then said the scientific gentleman, "Because these colours will occur in a ray of light, you should always put them into colour compositions in just such a manner as that each colour may be neutralized by its neighbour." Were there not also acids and alkalies in chemistry which neutralizes each other? and would it not be excessively reasonable for a man to say to his cook, "Whenever you squeeze a lemon in my veal, put a pinch of magnesia with it in order that the alkali may neutralize the acid." Could anything be more preposterous than such a law? "There," said the lecturer, producing at the same time an orange, "is as fine a yellow as you can have." If the scientific man were asked what colours should be introduced with it in a composition, he would reply, "Well, eight of red and five of blue." But what said nature? She gave neither red nor blue, but placing, the orange in the midst of bright green leaves, enabled you to look on one of the most beautiful and pleasing of pictures—an orange tree. Look, too, at the beautiful little sky-blue powers of the gentium. Did nature give that eight of blue, five of red, and a touch of yellow? No such thing. There were the green grass, the white lilies of the valley, and the grey rock, but not a touch of red nor yellow, yet that modest flower always looked beautiful.—*English Paper.*

Philadelphia Advertisements.

IN North Fourth Street, above Race, at No. 61, can be found on hand Shirts, Collars, Ruffles, Wrappers, Stocks, Ties, Gloves, &c. &c. Also, Collars, Shirts, Ruffles, Stocks, &c., made to order at shortest notice and in neatest style. CYRUS WHITSON.

CHARLES C. JACKSON, Tailor, N. E. corner of Fifth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, would respectfully invite the attention of his friends and the public to his establishment, where a constant assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., of the best quality, will be kept ready to make up to order in the best manner and on the most accommodating terms.

Removal.

DEPUY'S Spring Garden Carpet Store has been removed from 136 Spring Garden street to the S. W. corner of Eighth and Spring Garden streets, Philadelphia, and supplied with a largely increased stock of Velvet, Brussels, Thread-ply, Ingrain and Venitian Carpets; Oil Cloth, Druggets, Shades, &c., which will be sold cheap, wholesale and retail.

PRIZE MEDAL awarded in London, in 1851, for his superiority over all others in the manufacture of Travelling Trunks, Carpet Bags, Valices, Gum Shoes, Coaches Hobby-Horses, and sole leather, steel spring, iron frame, iron-bound Trunks of all descriptions, of the best materials and workmanship. Black Leather Enamelled Bags, at the lowest prices.
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